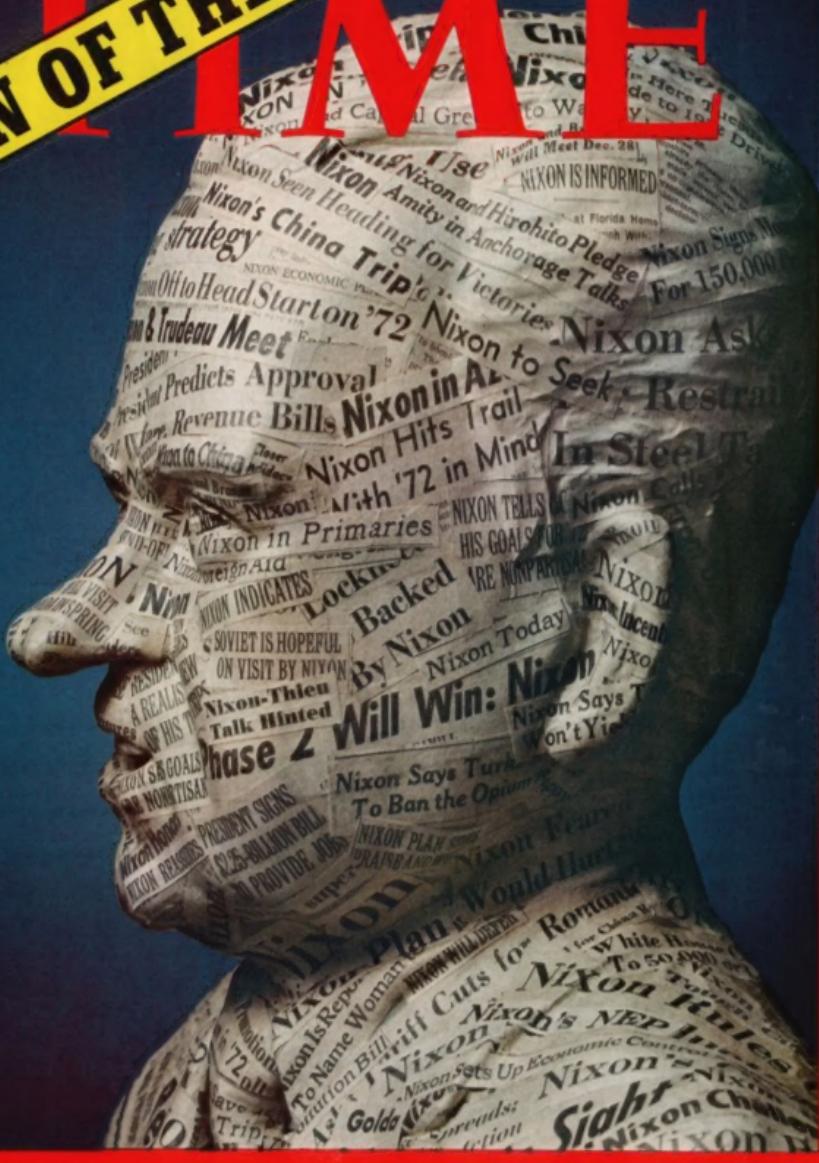


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JANUARY 3, 1972

The cover of Time magazine from January 1974 features a large yellow diagonal banner across the top with the words "MAN OF THE YEAR" in black. Below this, the word "TIME" is written in large red letters. The background is a collage of various newspaper clippings and headlines related to Richard Nixon, such as "Nixon Wins," "Nixon Seen Hiding," and "NIXON IS INFORMED". The top left corner has "FIFTY CENTS" and the top right corner has "JANUAR".



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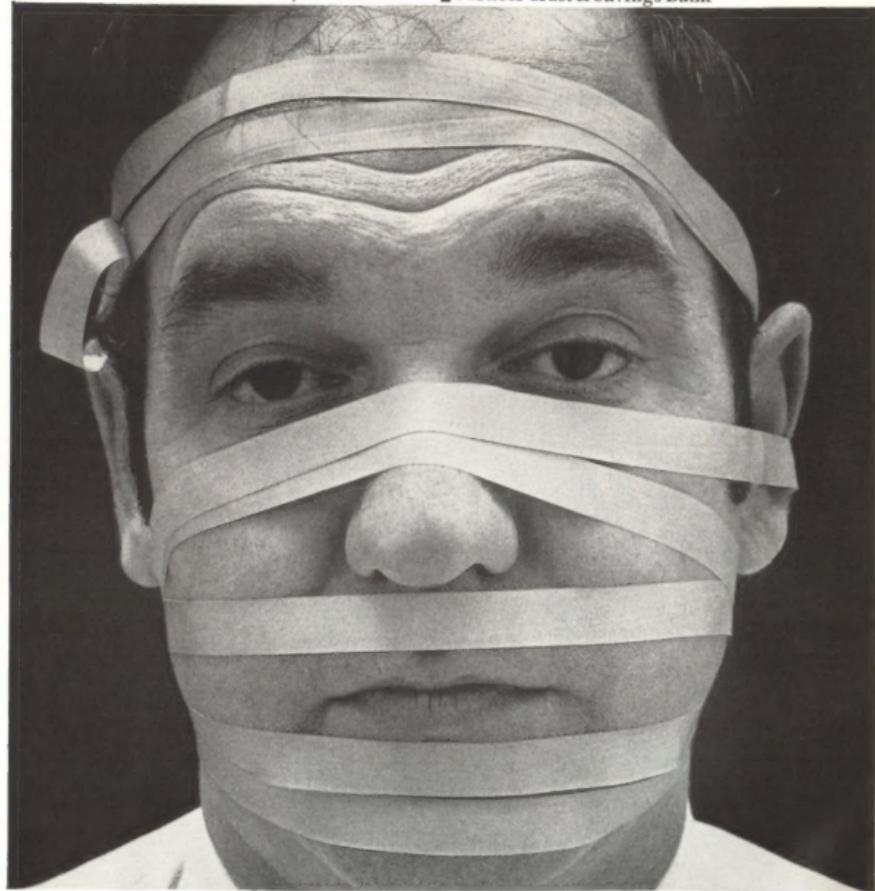
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LETTERS

When the Ant Speaks

Sir / In your story "Is There Life on Mars—or Beyond?" [Dec. 13], your writer commented that possibly the civilization that received our message would not bother to reply, and you quoted Astronomer Carl Sagan as saying that they might find men as inferior as men find ants.

I would be willing to bet that anyone, including Mr. Sagan, would talk back if an ant looked up from the sidewalk and said something to him.

STEPHEN COWDERY
Dayton

Sir / There is nothing in exobiology or any other real science that should throw any Catholic theologian into a tizzy.

There is indeed "only one sovereign Lord of all creation" no matter how far into the wild black yonder that creation exists. Far from quaking in our cassocks, Catholic priests welcome and bless those looking for life out there.

Glory to God in outer space and peace to men of the good blue planet.

(THE REV.) JOHN J. DAHLHEIMER
Hollywood

Sir / It is my fervent wish to be alive when we receive the first message from "out there."

Unhappily, modern history tells us that we live peacefully only when we share a common fear. The psychological effect of that first intergalactic greeting will be an everlasting sword of Damocles for us all. Only then will our differences shrink to petty insignificance, and the global peace that eludes us will be ours at last.

WILLIAM T. KUHN
Cedar Grove, N.J.

Sir / I agree that any extraterrestrial civilization capable of communicating with Earth would be older than man's, and would thus have solved the problems of pollution, overpopulation and war. I also believe that such a race could teach its cret of survival, but I do not feel that man could learn it.

At this moment in time man has the technological knowledge required to end these problems, but is incapable of utilizing that knowledge.

RAYMOND D. CLARKE
Milford, Conn.

Sir / Why assume that an "advanced" civilization would be technological at all? Any superior intelligence would have long since outgrown the adolescent machine-freak stage we wallow in, and would have evolved to a new reacceptance of nature. Technology implies a Western psychology—aberrant enough when compared to the myriad other, better-adjusted cultures that have bloomed during man's hundred thousand years on this planet. It is audaciously chauvinistic to expect to find a duplicate neurosis in the depths of space. We are searching only for ourselves.

BILL WEINER
Petaluma, Calif.

Sir / Very interesting. A billion dollars for Project Cyclops to listen for messages from outer space? When we come off the neon merry-go-round of Mars and Jupiter missions, the problem-plagued home base Earth might look a little dull in comparison, but it will still be

here, and it is all we've got. If beings from outer space exist, let's let them come to us, and start cleaning up our own little speck of space while we wait. We do want to be here when they arrive, don't we?

DENNIS JENNINGS
Pasadena, Calif.

Sir / Why couldn't there be an infinite number of life forms in a universe that is infinite?

MARK BROOKE
Radnor, Pa.

Sir / Those people who contemplate contacts between earthmen and intelligent beings from other worlds might consider whether the great religious leaders who established the world's major religions were such visitors. Having been revered as "gods from the heavens," they may have given us the main ingredients for the survival and full evolution of our species. All we have to do is implement their philosophies (which are essentially alike) and return their visits one day.

SERGEI JOHN RIOUX
Miami

Sir / Our astronomers and exobiologists would be thrilled if they could communicate with life in outer space. But scientists are likely to get carried away in their specialities, and not see the effects of their work on mankind. Are we sure that we wish to reveal our presence on earth to such other living creatures? If they are not like us, they will be monstrous to us, whether larger or smaller. If they have become miniaturized and computerized, we would prefer to destroy them as a threat to us, and they would surely try to destroy us gross, primitive creatures, except for a few live samples for experimentation.

WALTER J. SCOTT
Owings Mills, Md.

Stroke of Genius

Sir / The idea of Nixon picking Senator Edward Brooke as his running mate in 1972 [Dec. 13] would be a stroke of political genius! As a middle-of-the-road lifelong Republican WASP, I take heart that we would have an excellent chance with such a ticket.

(MRS.) HELEN L. OTTI
Royal Oak, Mich.

Sir / To counter any shenanigans of the Republicans, may I suggest a ticket of Muskie and the well-qualified Congresswoman Shirley Chisholm of Brooklyn?

DOROTHY HOLCOMBE
Hood River, Ore.

Sir / When whites stop voting for whites, Chicanos for Chicanos, Negroes for Negroes, then and only then will we have attained a measure of political maturity, and perhaps this vicious fragmentation of the American people will be reversed.

BETTIE GRIFFET
Tucson, Ariz.

Sir / A Nixon-Brooke ticket will not draw even limited support among blacks. The reasons are simple: blacks are thoroughly disgusted with Nixon and his policies. Many blacks resent the fact that Senator Brooke has a white wife, making it impossible for him to identify completely with blacks. We are tired of being second-



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LETTERS

class citizens, and Senator Brooke, as a black man, would have a second-rate position on the ticket. Nixon is a conservative and Brooke is a liberal; the ticket couldn't run a united campaign.

LARRY DANCE
Greenville, N.C.

Rats Aboard

Sir / Your story on the clergy's condoning extramarital sex, "Then Shall Not—Maybe" [Dec. 13], points up only too well the accelerating paganism occurring among some of the "mainline" Protestant churches. Seems some of our theologians and denominational leaders, not to mention pious pastors, would rather be *Playboy* philosophers than servants of the Son of God. There are some rats aboard the ship of faith.

THOMAS ELIOT BLANCH
Lutheran Seminary
Gettysburg, Pa.

Sir / Where are the true clergy and laymen when such teachings are being proposed? Out committing adultery?

(MRS.) JOAN L. ALLEN
Stumptown, W. Va.

Sir / How many more of the Ten Commandments will church leaders bend in order to soothe the aching conscience of a straying nation?

(MRS.) EILEEN STOESSER
Waco, Texas

Sir / Just whose side are the churches on? I can't help wondering when they attempt to alter God's commandments to "Thou shalt not—unless you get the urge to." That's one way to do away with sin. No wonder churches are emp-

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LETTERS

tying. They've cut the quality of their product, and now it's hard to sell.

(MRS.) KAREN SIRRIDGE
Tulsa, Okla.

Sir / Charles Wesley. John Wesley, Martin Luther, John Calvin, Ulrich Zwingli. Will no one rise to protest sin in the church as did these mighty men of God?

(MRS.) MARGARET MCNITT
Adelphi, Md.

A New Diversion

Sir / It is a disgrace for you to publish "Working Through College in the Nude" [Dec. 13]. The kooks who don't know about such photography studios will have a new diversion. Similar studios will spring up around the country. And when young college girls, the mothers of tomorrow, embrace such immorality, I say, "We are on the road to hell."

JEROME DAVID ROCK
Rockville, Conn.

Sir / It is not surprising that there are 15 schoolteachers among the women who work at the Blue Orchid; they have to make a living. Are there any Women's Libbers who would pay 50¢ a minute to discuss their problems with an intelligent male man? I need Christmas money,

WILLIAM PLANK
Seattle

Soft Pillows

Sir / Our family discussed the TV special showing the private life of Sam Greenawalt of Birmingham, Mich., and his family [Dec. 13], and we decided that the villain was the life-style: a pre-

occupation with material goods, social standings, and facades. There was nothing new in the premise that, once you go the Horatio Alger route, you just might not live happily ever after.

Overall, we reaffirmed a truth that we had known for some time: the American Dream is no panacea for anxieties. Your pillow will not get any softer if you stuff it with money.

DAN DRAZEN
Berrien Springs, Mich.

Sir / The Greenawalts are to be praised for being candid. Without their frankness the film would have been useless.

The Greenawalts deserve an award, and so does CBS.

MATTHEW VANCE
Dexter, Me.

Sir / Mrs. Greenawalt could not have meant it when she said that her children were old enough to make their decisions without her. Every child needs a parent who is willing to express opinions and deliver ultimatums.

JANE G. MILLER
St. Pauls, N.C.

Batman Fights Alone

Sir / Mr. Clarke's Essay on the changes in comics [Dec. 13] was handled well, considering the large area he was trying to write about. I thought your readers would like to be brought up to date concerning some of the characters Mr. Clarke mentioned. First, Superman has decided to keep his superpowers to aid mankind; Wonder Woman has lost her powers and is now simply Diana Prince ("She's still dynamite in a fight"); Robin is in col-

lege, while his partner Batman ("the creature of the night") fights crime alone. Green Lantern, who now has a black substitute, has won the best-individual-story and best-continuing-feature awards given by the Academy of Comic Book Arts.

HERSCHL HOWIE
Wilmington, N.C.

Sir / I think you are wrong when you say that the Agnew Great Dane-hyena in *Pogo* wears the uniform of a Greek colonel. Look again, and you may find that his attire more closely resembles Nixon's little joke on us all: the new White House guard uniforms, which were introduced in 1970.

JIM MEADOWS III
Park Forest, Ill.

Address Letters to TIME, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020

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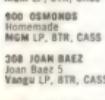
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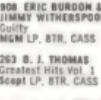
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MAN OF THE YEAR

Nixon: Determined to Make a Difference

HE reached for a place in history by opening a dialogue with China, ending a quarter-century of vitriolic estrangement between two of the world's major powers. He embarked upon a dazzling round of summitry that will culminate in odysseys to Peking and Moscow. He doggedly pursued his own slow timetable in withdrawing the nation's combat troops from their longest and most humiliating war, largely damping domestic discord unparalleled in the U.S. in more than a century. He clamped Government controls on the economy, causing the most drastic federal interference with private enterprise since the Korean War. He devalued the dollar, after unilaterally ordering changes in monetary policy that sent shock waves through the world's markets, and are leading to a badly needed fundamental reform of the international monetary machinery.

In doing all that—and doing it with a flair for secrecy and surprise that has marked his leadership as both refreshingly flexible and disconcertingly unpredictable—Richard Milhous Nixon, more than any other man or woman, dominated the world's news in 1971. He was undeniably the Man of the Year.

Sharp Break. Each of the U.S. President's momentous moves was only a start—and each could fail. In fact, rarely have there been so many large ventures in mid-passage so late in any presidential term. Still uninspiring in rhetoric and often stiff in style, for the first time during his presidency he emerged as a tough, determined world leader. Finally seizing firm control of his office, he was willing to break sharply with tradition in his privately expressed desire "to make a difference" in his time. Should all his ventures succeed, history will indeed record not only that he made a difference but that 1971 was a year of stupendous achievement. Even now, with matters only well begun, few modern Presidents can boast of having done so much in a single twelve-month span—perhaps Lyndon Johnson with his great flood of legislation in 1965, certainly Harry Truman with the Marshall Plan and the Truman Doctrine in 1947 and Franklin Roosevelt in the New Deal heyday of 1933.

There were, of course, others with prime roles on the world stage. Britain's Prime Minister Edward Heath, with whom Nixon met in Bermuda last week, scored a decisive and deserved victory in persuading the House of Commons to approve Britain's entry into Europe's Common Market in 1973. He thus ended an often bitter ten-year struggle, bringing a step closer Jean Monnet's grand vision of a united Europe. West Germany's Chancellor Willy Brandt won a Nobel Peace Prize for his continued efforts to reach a reconciliation between his nation and Eastern Europe and the Soviet Union. An *Opposition*, whose initiation helped make him TIME's Man of the Year in 1970.

Only Chou. In the nervous Middle East, Israel's Prime Minister Golda Meir and Egypt's President Anwar Sadat clung to a precarious cease-fire and flirted warily with proposals to ease tensions, while talking as pugnaciously as ever. Whatever the merits of their long-range goals, Pakistan's President Agha Mohammed Yahya Khan (now deposed) and India's Prime Minister Indira Gandhi brought more suffering to the subcontinent, he by turning his troops loose in a murderous rampage against rebellious Bengalis in East Pakistan, she by reacting with full-scale warfare to carve out the new state of Bangladesh.

In the U.S., a hitherto obscure former Pentagon analyst, Daniel Ellsberg, became famous overnight; he illuminated the nation's Viet Nam policy process and precipitated a classic clash between press and Government by releasing most of a 47-volume secret Pentagon study of the war. The Nixon Administration's Justice Department, under the President's closest personal adviser, Attorney General John Mitchell, acted swiftly in an unsuccessful attempt to prevent newspaper publication of the papers, then moved to prosecute Ellsberg. It was Mitchell, too, who decided to bring conspiracy charges against Roman Catholic Priest Philip Berrigan and several others for, among other things, an alleged plot to kidnap Presidential Adviser Henry Kissinger as a means of dramatizing opposition to the war.

If anyone could challenge Nixon's ranking as the year's dominant figure,

it was China's wily Chou En-lai. He not only strengthened his own hand in a Peking power struggle, but succeeded in his policy of pushing China onto the world's diplomatic stage. Despite forlorn efforts by the U.S. to keep Taiwan in the United Nations as China was finally admitted, Chiang Kai-shek's government was expelled. It was Chou, as well as the remote Chairman Mao Tse-tung, who responded to Nixon's overtures and opened the Forbidden City to Henry Kissinger, who had some claim of his own to be considered diplomacy's Man of the Year. But only a U.S. President could take the first steps toward rapprochement, and perhaps only a Republican President named Richard Nixon could have brought it off with so little conservative outcry.

It was a year in which the nation's perception of its President shifted sharply. In the early months, still fresh was the memory of his strident 1970 campaign, which exploited fear and tried to connect Democrats with rising crime and unrest. This approach was rejected by the voters and gave Nixon's most likely 1972 opponent, Senator Edmund Muskie, a priceless chance to appear cooler and wiser in an Election Eve broadcast.

Oversated Views. Apparently stung, Nixon took a loftier route in 1971, although there were some lapses. To protect his political right flank, he recklessly intervened in the case of Lieut. William Calley Jr., who was convincingly convicted of mass murder at My Lai; Nixon had to be reminded by an eloquent Army prosecutor, Captain Aubrey Daniel III, of the higher legal and moral issues at stake. He again attempted to make the Supreme Court into a haven for conservative mediocrity; before getting two solid nominees approved, he considered a list of people so undistinguished that the American Bar Association found some of them "not qualified."

He hurt himself in earlier years by overstating his old views and now overstated his new ones, like a man who has learned a new lesson and repeats it too vehemently. Exaggeration continued to be one of the less attractive traits of Nixon's rhetoric in 1971. Thus he claimed, without the slightest qualification, that "Vietnam-



PRESIDENT RICHARD NIXON OUTSIDE THE SAN CLEMENTE WESTERN WHITE HOUSE

ization has succeeded." He offered the sweeping opinion that "I seriously doubt if we will ever have another war." When he devalued the dollar, he declared it "the most significant monetary agreement in the history of the world."

Nixon remains a tempting target for satiric attack, such as Novelist Philip Roth's scatological book *Our Gang*, about the insane career of President Tricky E. Dixon, and the Emile de Antonio movie, *Milhouse*, in which Nixon newsreels old and new are played in counterpoint. Yet this type of thing has been done to Nixon for so long that a certain fatigue set in; unless he provides a great deal of fresh ammunition, Nixon-hating will become a bore. If he still has a problem inspiring complete trust, it is no longer a simple matter of the old Tricky Dick image. He is still suspected of timing his major moves for political advantage, but perhaps not much more than most other Presidents.

Even as the President threw his own energies into world affairs, the problems at home continued to cry

out for attention and a further reallocation of national resources. The so-called Nixon Doctrine proclaimed at Guam aimed at reducing other nations' dependence on the U.S. for maintaining peace abroad, and his exaggerated protectionist trade posture immediately after the freeze contributed for a time to the introspective mood. The Senate's initial rejection of the Administration's foreign aid authorization bill symbolized the national detachment, though stopgap funding was finally voted. The President continued to brood about this apparent trend toward isolationism. He was worried that the mood might become permanent in the national revulsion over the Viet Nam conflict.

Overall, concludes TIME Washington Bureau Chief Hugh Sidey, "it was a singular journey through the twelve months of 1971. His style is one of sheer doggedness. He outlasts the street people, the park preachers, the student revolutionaries, the Senate critics. He just stays in there, ducking, weaving, changing when the pressure gets too bad. Yet there was some-

thing about his presidency that nudged the country along and raised hopes, set the stage for a change in mood in international affairs and headed the economy off in a new direction."

The President's extraordinary year encompassed four major areas of activity:

I: THE WAR

Even on Viet Nam the President's performance in 1971 was a surprise—because of what he did not do. Repeatedly, the advance billing of his announcements on troop withdrawals fed speculation that he was about to pull U.S. soldiers out at a dramatic rate or specify a date for the total end of U.S. involvement. Yet each statement revealed only a slowly accelerating withdrawal timetable. From its high point at the time of the Cambodia invasion and the killing of four students by National Guardsmen at Kent State in the spring of 1970, the antiwar movement had faded. But with the U.S.-supported invasion of Laos in February and March of 1971, it briefly threatened to regain its fervor.

Even the White House conceded that the sight of South Vietnamese soldiers clinging to the skids of helicopters in flight from Laos had turned its claims of a military success into a "public relations disaster." Whether the Laos incursion was worth it may remain one of the many unanswered questions of the war: the Administration still insists that it helped take the pressure off Saigon and reduce the level of fighting within South Viet Nam. In April some 200,000 protesters massed peacefully in Washington. At the same time, one of the war's most moving demonstrations took place. Quietly, some on crutches and wearing tattered uniforms, 700 U.S. veterans of the war stepped up to a wire fence in front of the Capitol Building and threw their painfully earned Purple Hearts, Silver Stars and other decorations into a glistening rubbish pile of ribbons and medals. "To President Nixon, I send you greetings," said one youthful vet as he tossed his ribbons into the air.

Momentum Lost. But when a second wave of some 50,000 demonstrators vowed to "stop the Government," Washington police, federal troops and the Justice Department got tough. Carrying out mass arrests, most of them illegal, they pushed some 12,000 protesters into buses and locked them up. Most were soon released for lack of evidence or improper arrest procedures, but the Government still functioned and the movement's momentum was lost, perhaps permanently.

By year's end, American deaths had fallen to fewer than ten a week. While no end to the death of Vietnamese, Laotians and Cambodians was in sight, Nixon had withdrawn nearly 400,000 U.S. troops, leaving a force

THE NATION

of 140,000 on Feb. 1. By election time in November, the current rate of withdrawal would leave well below 50,000 troops, mostly Army support units. Even that involvement may be at an end by then, according to Nixon (see box, page 14). However, the Administration has said that the U.S. will continue to provide air support from Thailand or elsewhere, so long as the South Vietnamese require it, and continue air attacks on Communist positions in Laos and Cambodia.

U.S. military commanders expressed confidence that the South Vietnamese would not collapse as soon as the U.S. withdraws. After South Vietnamese President Nguyen Van Thieu ran a farcical re-election campaign devoid of any opposition, there was less U.S. hope about the future of democracy in that nation.

In sum, there was no question that

the President could have moved faster to get out of Viet Nam; considering his campaign pledge that he would end the war, it was remarkable that the U.S. was still involved three years and 15,000 American deaths later. Yet in essence, the ground war seemed over, and the President defended his slow pace as necessary to ensure that "we leave in a way that gives the South Vietnamese a reasonable chance to survive as a free people," and also in a fashion that does not undermine the credibility of U.S. commitments to other allies or further divide the nation at home.

II: THE WORLD

For sheer shock theater, none of the year's events equaled Nixon's 90-second television announcement on July 15 that he would confer with Chou and Mao in Peking and that Henry Kissinger had already been there to prepare the way. Rarely had official Washington ever kept so momentous a secret so well. Taiwan officials fumed, and Japan's Premier Eisaku Sato lost face because his long-time U.S. ally had failed to consult with him on such a historic development in his own backyard. Besides being humiliated, Japan felt isolated as the U.S. prepared to bargain with its Asian rival; some diplomats feared that it might react by swinging to the right, perhaps even by developing its own nuclear capability. South Korea, still facing Communist troops to the north, now felt less certain of U.S. support. South Viet Nam was equally shocked. "Thieu just couldn't believe it," observed a Western military adviser there. "Here was the representative of his No. 1 wartime ally going off to discussions with the benefactor of his No. 1 enemy, and Thieu wasn't informed in advance. It was an incredible insult by the Americans."

Yet in much of the world and in the U.S., the bold venture was greeted with elation; a sense of fresh possibilities stirred dusty chancelleries around the globe. *France-Soir* observed that Nixon's decision "radically alters the international situation. It opens immense perspectives for the future of the world." At home, though there was some scattered protest from the right, a Harris public opinion survey found the U.S. public approving of the China trip by a margin of 68% to 19%.

The move was far from a sudden Nixon impulse. Less than two weeks after his inauguration, he had sent Kissinger a memo declaring: "I think we should give every encouragement to the idea that this Administration is seeking rapprochement with the Chinese." But it was typical of the Nixon style to camouflage his intentions, work quietly through Kissinger's National Security Council and order thorough study before unfurling his *fait accompli*.

A Government-wide review of China policy, initiated by one of Kissinger's galvanizing National Security staff memorandums (there have been 143 so far) in 1969, took six months to complete. A second, begun in 1970, took five months. The secret documents steadily proliferated. Before he took off for Peking, Kissinger had accumulated three volumes of messages about the trip. Only Nixon and Secretary of State William Rogers had copies. Kissinger's two-volume briefing books were marked: TOP SECRET/SENITIVE/EXCLUSIVELY EYES ONLY.

Meeting three weekly at 6 p.m. in the privacy of Nixon's hideaway in the Executive Office Building or in the White House Lincoln Sitting Room, Kissinger and the President plotted their elaborate exchange of signals with the Chinese. Kissinger concentrated on the broad strategy, while Nixon says Kissinger was "enormously ingenious" in originating about 70% of the secret ways of communicating with Peking. Although table tennis was hardly anticipated as the vehicle, Chou's willingness to invite Americans into China was not a surprise. After the table tennis team's visit, Nixon was ready with a response. He announced that the U.S. was eager to seek ways of trading with China. Kissinger's trip in July followed.

With his usual thoroughness, Nixon is rigorously preparing himself for his journey in February. He is reading Dennis Bloodworth's *The Chinese Looking Glass*, John K. Fairbank's *The United States and China*, Francis Hsu's *Americans and Chinese*. He is working his way through thickets of memos from Kissinger, who returned with 500 pages of notes from his two separate flights to confer with Chou. All of those notes have been broken down by topic; the Chinese position on each subject is being exhaustively researched and a Nixon response or initiative is being outlined. Such intensive study is as necessary as it is Nixonian. Presidential aides concede that China has little to lose at the summit; if there is any way to take advantage of Nixon, the Chinese undoubtedly will try.

Major Questions. More than anything else, Nixon's outreach to the East symbolized the end of old patterns in international affairs. China, Japan and a newly strengthened Western Europe would play increasingly important roles in a complex, uncertain, but potentially more peaceful world having several power centers. Yet, while the old bipolar system was obviously changing, the U.S. and the Soviet Union for the near future would still remain the two real superpowers and the only nations with intercontinental ballistic missiles targeted at each other's cities. Thus one of the major questions about Nixon's China move was the extent to which it was aimed at the Soviet Union.

HOLDING HANDICAPPED YOUNGSTER



MEETING CALIFORNIA SCHOOLCHILDREN



GREETING WASHINGTON WELL-WISHERS



In the short run, it seems to have had a decidedly beneficial effect in improving U.S.-U.S.S.R. relations in 1971. The two nations reached agreement to ban biological warfare and signed a Big Four preliminary agreement to ensure freer travel between the two sectors of Berlin. Significant progress was made toward a historic agreement on limiting strategic nuclear arms; the prolonged SALT talks are expected to result in restrictions on offensive and defensive missile systems early in 1972, a major breakthrough in relations between the old cold war antagonists.

The China move also led to the scheduling of a summit meeting in May, when Nixon is due to meet Soviet Party Boss Leonid Brezhnev in Moscow. No postwar U.S. President has ever been to the Soviet Union while in office. Eisenhower had his plans to go in 1960 shot down along with Francis Gary Powers' U-2 spy plane; Lyndon Johnson's trip was wiped out by the Soviet invasion of Czechoslovakia in 1968. If Nixon is able to make it to Moscow, it will be no small achievement.

As 1971 closed, a new threat to Russian-American relations rose when war broke out between India and Pakistan. The U.S. abandoned neutrality to take a surprisingly strong stand in condemning India and supporting Pakistan's brutal—and losing—military government. Russia, just as vehemently, backed India, with which it had signed a treaty of friendship during the year. Yet even in that conflict, the two superpowers covertly cooperated to limit its scope.

In sum, it was a year of brilliant beginnings for Nixon in international affairs, a year in which the U.S. clearly regained the initiative and displayed both imagination and skill.

III: THE DOLLAR

Nixon's freeze on most wages, prices, rents and dividends, plus his 10% surcharge on most imports—and eventually his devaluation of the dollar—were the biggest shocks of all. This was especially true because he had spoken so often, right up to the last minute, against such measures. But in the end he was forced to act because his "steady as she goes" economic policies were not working—a fact apparent early in the year to some of his economic advisers, whose warnings were ignored.

Nixon preferred to rely on what AFL-CIO President George Meany called the Administration's "bluebirds of happiness" to proclaim that every day in every way things were getting better and better. Although most of the economic indicators looked bad, Nixon himself predicted in March: "I think we'll have a hell of a good second half." When Federal Reserve Board Chairman Arthur Burns kept urging a get-tough incomes policy, Nix-

on told his top domestic affairs adviser, John Ehrlichman: "Let's try to get Arthur off this thing." Similar arguments from former Assistant Secretary of the Treasury Murray Weidenbaum got an equally cool reception. "I felt like somebody who had walked into one of those fancy men's clubs with his fly unzipped," he recalled.

Never a Note. The key man in changing Nixon's mind was Secretary of the Treasury John Connally, the Texas tornado who moved into the job early in the year and quickly developed an amazing rapport with the President. A Democrat who had impressed Nixon by helping him find oil money in his 1968 presidential campaign, despite his own belated support of Hubert Humphrey, Connally had earlier turned down Nixon offers to become Secretary of Defense, but did serve impressively on a committee studying reorganization of the Executive Branch. The acquisition of Connally was another Nixon surprise and success, giving his generally gray Administration new lift and bounce.

Nixon and Connally began conferring on the inflationary economy and the unstable world money markets for two and three hours at a time. Unlike other aides, Connally never took a note, but remembered all. Keeping their plans secret for fear doubts would seep out, they began to sketch out the options open to the President. Yet publicly, they both sounded adamant against controls. Nixon was not at all certain that he actually would bite that bullet. He told a group of editors in Kansas City, Mo., as late as July 6: "You cannot have wage and price controls without rationing. They do not work in peacetime." About the same time, Connally was telling newsmen that there would be no wage-price freeze, no wage or price review boards, no tax cuts.

Despite Nixon's budget deficit—currently estimated at \$28 billion for fiscal 1972, the largest since World War II—the economy was not responding and inflation continued. Unemployment was not decreasing. The highly wishful estimate made in January of a \$1.065 billion gross national product for calendar 1971 was out of reach; it is now expected to be \$1.050 billion. By August, Nixon had an outline of potential controls ready. But Congress had adjourned and Nixon wanted to await its return in September before acting.

There was not that much time. Connally, vacationing in Texas, was brought winging back by a telephone call on Aug. 13 from Under Secretary for Monetary Affairs Paul A. Volcker. Volcker told Connally that more than a billion dollars had shifted on the European monetary markets the day before, another \$500 million in the morning. "It's a Friday and it ought to be a calmer day," advised the worried Volcker. The Bank



BOWLING IN THE E.O.B. BASEMENT



TALKING WITH WHITE HOUSE BUTLER



ENCOURAGING WASHINGTON REDSKINS

of England was pressing for a guarantee that some \$3 billion that was held in reserve would not be devalued. A panic seemed possible. "I'd better get up there," said Connally.

When Nixon called all of his top advisers to a climactic conference at Camp David, Connally clearly was second-in-command. Nixon laid out the problem in a crisp, 20-minute talk; Connally detailed the steps. Action would have to be fast. A dramatic impact was deliberately sought. "Much of the problem was psychological; much of the solution had to be psychological," Connally recalled. So Nixon went on TV on Aug. 15 to announce the historic policy shift to controls. He followed with the outlines

An Interview with the President: "The Jury Is Out"

TIME'S *Man of the Year* was interviewed by Editor in Chief Hedley Donovan and Managing Editor Henry Grunwald last week at the White House. With them were Washington Bureau Chief Hugh Sidey and White House Correspondent Jerryold Seeger. Excerpts:

MR. PRESIDENT, OF THE MANY DECISIONS THAT YOU HAD TO MAKE IN THIS PAST YEAR, COULD YOU TELL US WHICH WAS THE TOUGHEST? GIVE US AN EVALUATION.

The most important decision that I made this year was the decision to open communications with China. I could do it where others could not. I believe that it will make a greater contribution to the next generation, to peace in the world, than anything else we have done. It was a difficult decision because it was a mixed bag as far as public reaction was concerned. I knew that it posed many problems with many of our friends in the world. But it had to be done and this country had to make that move. No other country could; ironically, the Soviet Union was unable to.

On the domestic front, the most difficult decision was economic. It became apparent that if the U.S. was going to maintain its competitive position in the world, some very strong medicine had to be taken by the patient, the U.S., and also given to our trading partners in the world.

THAT DECISION CERTAINLY WENT AGAINST WHAT WAS TAKEN TO BE YOUR ECONOMIC PHILOSOPHY, AND AGAINST MANY THINGS YOU AND YOUR ADVISERS HAD ASSURED US. WERE YOU TROUBLED BY THE NEED TO REVERSE YOUR POSITION SO DRAMATICALLY?

I was troubled by it because I am committed to the free market. But I would be much more troubled if this had been done by someone else. I don't believe in controls as an end in themselves or on a permanent basis. On the other hand, I am an activist—nobody believed that until this year. Being an activist, I felt we had to jolt the American economy on the inflation side.

AREN'T YOU GRATIFIED, NOT TO SAY SURPRISED, HOW WELL THE PUBLIC RECEIVES ACTIVISM IN THESE AREAS, INCLUDING CHINA?

I think we should all be pleased that the American people so generally have supported the wage-price freeze and controls. However, there is a warning note to be sounded here. A great number of Americans might say, "Let's continue to have the controls." I don't want that, because if our people and this economy get used to that crutch, we will never throw it away.

Now in terms of China, I think we would be less than candid were we not to admit that what really matters here is not the fact that the trip to China is announced, the meeting with the Soviets is announced, but how they work. Our people have become accustomed to the spectaculars. It is exciting. A trip to China is like going to the moon.

On the other hand, the American people are very volatile. They can be caught up emotionally with a big move, but if it fails, they can turn away just as fast. That is why it is so important that the China trip not be just cosmetics, that it be cast in terms of building to the long-term future. It may well benefit not the present occupant of this office, but somebody five, ten or 15 years from now.

WAS THERE ANY DANGER THAT THE INDO-PAKISTANI WAR MIGHT HAVE STRAINED U.S.-SOVIET RELATIONS TO THE POINT OF YOUR RE-CONSIDERING YOUR MAY VISIT TO MOSCOW?

We had differences with the Soviets in South Asia at the beginning of the war, although not at the end, when both sides used restraint. The Soviets deserve credit for restraint after East Pakistan went down, to get the ceasefire; that stopped what would inevitably have been the conquest of West Pakistan as well. But anywhere the Soviet Union and the U.S. find themselves disagreeing po-

tentially jeopardizes the possibility of their going forward in other areas. Whereas any area where we agree helps. I think what really led both sides to the determination to go forward with the summit was Berlin. Berlin was the critical move. Once Berlin was made, Brezhnev on his side, and I on my side, through an exchange of letters, and also other various conversations, thought this was the time [to set a date for meeting].

YOU MENTIONED A MOMENT AGO THAT THE INDIA CONQUEST OF WEST PAKISTAN MIGHT HAVE BEEN "INEVITABLE" BUT FOR U.S. AND SOVIET RESTRAINING MEASURES. WAS THERE EVIDENCE THAT THE INDIANS PLANNED TO MOVE ON WEST PAKISTAN?

I would not like to contend that the Indians had a deliberate plan to do that. But once these passions of war and success in war are set loose, they tend to run their course. It is my conviction, based on our intelligence reports as to the forces that were working in the Indian government, that they would have gone on to reduce once and for all the danger that they had consistently seen in Pakistan. We have no military assistance to India. The Soviet Union, of course, is indispensable to India. Under the circumstances, we, in communication with the Soviet Union, played a constructive role. The basic point in South Asia was the principle that any nation has a right to its integrity, and that the attempt of its neighbors to engulf it with the support of a superpower from outside will be resisted. That was the principle at stake.

WHAT CAN BE ACCOMPLISHED IN PEKING? WHAT CAN YOU REASONABLY BE EXPECTED TO BRING BACK?

The jury is still out. The success of our move toward China, the success of our meeting with the Soviets, will be determined by what follows those meetings, not the communiqués that come out of them. Although the communiqués may be important, particularly the one regarding the Soviets, which will be the more substantive. The Peking visit is just to open communication. The Soviet one is basically a substantive meeting. But success will be determined by what follows in the relationship of the U.S. with these two great powers in the world in the years to come.

IS IT YOUR INTENTION TO HELP MAKE PEACE BETWEEN THE SOVIET UNION AND CHINA?

You can get a pretty good argument from some people who say, "Why don't we let Russia and China fight?" And they say the reason we go to China is to make the Russians mad. And then when you go to Russia, well, that makes the Chinese mad. But I do not accept at all the proposition that the two of us [the U.S. and Russia] should contain China. That is good short-range policy and utterly disastrous long-range policy. If China and Russia—just running it out hypothetically—get involved in a conflict, it would inevitably involve their neighbors there, and possibly their neighbors over here. What I am suggesting is not that the United States should be so concited that we feel that we can be the peacemakers between these two powers. But on the other hand, it is not the purpose of our policy to get them at each other's throats. It should not be.

WHEN DO YOU PLAN TO ANNOUNCE YOUR CANDIDACY FOR '72?

When I do announce the decision, I won't be coy about it. Whatever the decision is, I have determined that the presidential hat must be worn most of the year, and not the candidate's hat. I cannot and will not engage in any political activities until after the convention. I suppose some of our good partisans will say: "Here are the candidates of the other party romping up and down the country and all you are doing is being President." I suppose one answer to that would be: "Maybe that is the best

way to be a candidate. On the other hand, I see no way to conduct [serious international and domestic programs] if I would go swinging out through the country, being at fund-raising gatherings and getting down frankly into the arena. It will be a very close contest and I am afraid we are going to be plagued with this for some time to come, when neither man who wins will get a majority."

FROM YOUR PERSPECTIVE, WHAT ISSUES WILL DOMINATE THE PRESIDENTIAL CAMPAIGN? HOW DOES THE BATTLE SHAPE UP?

The issues could be quite different from anything on the horizon now. The issue of Viet Nam will not be an issue in the campaign, as far as this Administration is concerned, because we will have brought the American involvement to an end.

If the economy is moving upward strongly, and we believe it will be, then nobody is going to make a successful issue of it. That leaves what, then? Issues that could be made: health, the problems of the cities, of youth, of race, of hypocrisy. The opposition always finds one. That's its duty. But we have the peace issue, and in a much broader sense than ending Viet Nam—that is our greatest strength. I say our greatest strength; it will be the greatest strength, whoever is the Republican nominee, because ending the war in Viet Nam is inevitable.

THE CHIEF ISSUE THE DEMOCRATS MAY BE LEFT WITH COULD BE YOUR PERSONALITY. CRITICS OFTEN SUGGEST THAT YOU LACK CHARISMA. WHAT DO YOU THINK OF THAT AS A DEMOCRATIC ISSUE?

Well, that is a legitimate issue in my view. I think we have become rather conscious of it in the United States because of our superheated media. I think the idea is rather prevalent among a great number of people that what the country needs is a spectacular, if not flamboyant, charismatic figure as a leader. There are some others, however, who might say that when you really have a crunch, when it is really tough, when the decision made in this office may determine the future of war and peace, not just now but for generations to come, that you had better make the choice in terms of an individual who is totally cool, detached and with some experience. Now I am not describing anybody, of course . . .

I have felt that certainly over the past three years, this country, and perhaps America's relations in the world, needed to cool down some. I would be the first to say that I am not a table thumper or a shouter—not often at least—but of course charisma is something else. Charisma, basically, I think most sophisticates say, is style. I don't intend to change my style. I determined that when I came into office. Of course I couldn't if I wanted to.

Now I must admit that the very drama of the announcement I made on China did not need any charisma to get it across. It lasted only two minutes: I wrote it myself. Some of my friends afterwards said, "My God, why did you take just two minutes? That is a tremendous thing." I told them, "Don't worry—it will play." Where an event truly is a great event it does not need a lot of rhetoric. Where you need a lot of rhetoric, a lot of jazz, a lot of flamboyance, is when you don't have much to sell.

I would say that when I came into office this country was in deep trouble. I called it the crisis of the spirit. Others have done a much better job of describing it.

NOW WHAT DO YOU DO WITH THAT SORT OF SITUATION? WHAT REMEDIES ARE THERE?

Well, the President can go out and harangue people and say, "We have nothing to fear but fear itself" and all that, and maybe the people are lifted up. I don't think it would work now. I think our people had their expectations raised so high in the '60s and then had to drop down so far that a certain, perhaps healthy skepticism had arisen, healthy up to a point. But then it can be self-destructive when we become so skeptical about our country and say, "My God, we have fouled up our foreign poli-

cies. Why did we get in Viet Nam? We do everything wrong. The United States is not fit to be a world leader. Let's turn inward and handle our own problems." We were escaping from that usual American ideal of trying to do our best, trying harder, if I may borrow from Avis. Americans—many decent Americans—just began to doubt their senses.

WHERE ARE WE NOW? HOW WOULD YOU ASSESS THE STATE OF THE COUNTRY AS WE ENTER THE NEW YEAR?

We can talk about programs, and that's what makes hard news—China, Russia, the New Economic Policy, our new tax policy, which may come along, the New American Revolution, revenue sharing and the rest. But as I see it, what I would hope to have come out of next year is to instill again in the American people a sense of confidence in themselves, pride in the fact that with all of our failings in foreign policy—and we have had failures—we are doing our level best, whether it is in a miserable place like the conflict in South Asia, or in the Mideast or other places, to keep the peace rather than to break it.

On the domestic front, look where we were. Look where we have come. Look at that quiet revolution that has taken place in the South in three years. Who ever thought it could happen? It has. It isn't perfect; it's never going to be. Because black people are different from white people. They always will be—and that will enrich the country in the long run. But what we have to realize is that whether it is relations between the races or relations between the generations, this country is, in my view, doing very well.

I am confident that the United States right now is on the brink of exercising its power to do good in the world. Such good as never has been done in the history of civilization because we now can muster our moral force, our economic force and we, of course, have the military power to back up our words. Our aim is to build a structure of peace such as we could not dream of after World War II; we couldn't dream of this when Eisenhower was President. It wasn't the right time. It wasn't the right time when Kennedy was there. But now the time may have come, and we must seize the moment—seize the moment in our relationships with the superpowers.

We must remember the only time in the history of the world that we have had any extended periods of peace is when there has been balance of power. It is when one nation becomes infinitely more powerful in relation to its potential competitor that the danger of war arises. So I believe in a world in which the United States is powerful. I think it will be a safer world and a better world if we have a strong, healthy United States, Europe, Soviet Union, China, Japan, each balancing the other, not playing one against the other, an even balance.

DO YOU ENJOY YOUR JOB? DO YOU ENJOY BEING PRESIDENT?

Well, in terms of all the trappings of office, all the power of office, that does not appeal to me. I must say I don't particularly enjoy the struggle with the bureaucracy, the press, and all that. But what I do like about the job is the possibility, in the brief time I have, of doing something that someone else might not have been able to do.

I am not one of those who believe that there is any indispensable man for the presidency. I think any man who gets in this position will be up to the position. You grow into it. We have had very few poor Presidents. Perhaps very few great ones. But the main point is that I have probably the most unusual opportunity, the greatest opportunity of any President in history, due to the fact that in just the way the cards happen to fall I may be able to do things which can create a new structure of peace in the world. To the extent that I am able to make progress toward that goal, I would very thoroughly enjoy that job. But if you put it in terms of "Do you enjoy the job in terms of the everyday battles?"—no, not particularly. I could do without a lot of that.



PLANNING WITH HENRY KISSINGER



CONFERRING WITH JOHN CONNALLY

MEETING WITH JOHN MITCHELL



THE NATION

of his longer-lasting Phase II mache three months later.

First the freeze, then the flexible guidelines, produced considerable confusion. In the first month of Phase II, some 377,000 calls flooded Internal Revenue Service offices, which had been hastily pressed into service to answer questions from the public.

Connally, meanwhile, rushed into meetings with foreign finance ministers, dropped any pretense of charm, and freely used the 10% surcharge as a club to demand monetary concessions from the astonished officials. Worried about the global and domestic repercussions, Kissinger and Burns eventually asked Nixon to soften Connally's approach. Japan and Canada in particular were incensed at the trade penalties, since they rely so heavily upon U.S. markets. But the U.S. at year's end struck a good bargain. The deal was taking shape: a shift in the balance of world currencies in exchange for devaluation of the dollar and the dropping of the import surcharge.

In sum, Nixon acted belatedly but well on the domestic economy. Labor has won some big concessions from the Wage Board and removed some of the psychological tautness from the guidelines, thus diminishing the original sense of urgency created by the Administration. Nevertheless, many experts are optimistic about the ultimate effectiveness of the program, and TIME's Board of Economists is predicting solid economic recovery for 1972. The question remains whether the recovery will come quickly and widely enough to keep the economy from hurting Nixon in the election.

On the foreign economic front, Nixon and Connally played a daring and sometimes crude game of economic brinkmanship that at times seemed to threaten the entire fabric of U.S. relations with its friends and trading partners. While no one could foretell the long-range psychological effects and the resentments that might linger, by year's end Nixon and Connally had plainly cleared the way for the grinding task of renegotiating the Western world's trade and monetary system (see THE ECONOMY).

IV: THE U.S.

Except for his action on the economy, Nixon has failed to convey any feeling of urgency in his attacks on domestic problems. The "New American Revolution" that he sketched last January in his State of the Union speech never resembled John Mitchell's overblown description: "The most important document since they wrote the Constitution." But it did include some highly commendable ideas. None has yet been acted upon.

His "six great goals," except for his action on the economy, are all stalled. Welfare reform, revenue sharing, reorganization of the Executive Branch, improved health care and elimi-

nating environmental pollution have been introduced in various forms but remain in limbo, only partially approved or ignored. Congress did vote \$1.6 billion over three years for a concerted research drive against cancer and the Senate passed a far tougher water pollution bill than he sought.

Quiet Pride. Nixon's weak domestic record suffered further from the jolting defeat by Congress of his proposal to develop a supersonic jet transport aircraft. The event seemed to say that Americans are not only concerned about the environment, but no longer automatically buy the notion that the U.S. must always be first in everything.

Although a President is relatively powerless to reduce crime, Nixon had campaigned hard on a pledge to do so, and gave the impression that merely replacing Attorney General Ramsey Clark with a man like John Mitchell would work wonders. It did not: crime is still rising. While blacks have not been rioting, Nixon has done little to make them feel in the mainstream of the nation's life. Three times in the past year the watchdog U.S. Civil Rights Commission attacked his enforcement of civil rights legislation, once describing it as "less than adequate." Nixon repeatedly made plain his opposition to busing to achieve school integration, even as the courts often continued to encourage it. The President perhaps has a majority of Americans behind him in that view, but the fact remains that in many cities no other tool seems to exist to break up all-black schools. But the Nixon Administration takes quiet pride in its work in finishing the demolition of the dual school systems of the South, and also in encouraging craft unions, via the Philadelphia Plan, to admit and train minority members.

The Civil Rights Commission's chairman, the Rev. Theodore M. Hesburgh, said that "the Federal Government is not yet in a position to claim that it is enforcing the letter, let alone the spirit, of civil rights laws." Blacks see Nixon, claimed Clifford Alexander Jr., former chairman of the Equal Employment Opportunities Commission, as "actively against our goals." The National Urban League's Harold Sims charged that under Nixon "the nation is still in the grip of a not silent but selfish majority."

Part of the problem with the New American Revolution is that many of Nixon's proposals are structural or procedural reorganizations—hardly the stuff of revolution. Besides, most social programs are harder to bring off than moves on the international chessboard. To succeed at home, a President must be able to move the nation as well as Congress. As for the nation, it remains in doubt whether he can indeed move it and (as he himself said he wanted to do) rekindle the Spirit of '76. As for Congress,



Where there's a wish there's a way

Somebody had to find a way to make it easy and fun to learn to play. The next time you blow out the candles on a cake, or see a shooting star, go ahead. Slightly that secret urge. Wish that you (or someone close to you) could play the piano or organ. And then stand by—because now you can make that wish come true. Quicker. Easier. With more fun and less strain than you ever dared hope, thanks to Wurlitzer.

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Nixon does not relish the sweaty rituals of persuasion and blandishment that are necessary to marshal support on the Hill—especially when facing a Democratic majority. Indeed, one of the continuing surprises of Nixon's presidency is that Nixon, regarded as a master politician, is not very good at dealing with the politicians in Congress, even those of his own party.

Looking to 1972. As he heads into an election year, Nixon has the vast advantage of incumbency and of his own spectacular actions of 1971. His strategy will probably be to appear the cool and seasoned diplomat, the man grappling with lofty issues.

If the economy rebounds, the Democrats will be stuck largely with attacking Nixon's failure to solve social problems and deploring his personality. But a campaign based primarily on the President's personality will be difficult for any Democrat to carry off, and may backfire by building sympathy for a man who is clearly dedicated, clearly serious and hard-working, and who has surmounted formidable personal and political handicaps.

In 1971 President Nixon helped cool national passions. He made his bid for a historic niche on the issues of war and peace and in the business of keeping his nation economically solvent. Perhaps his major accomplishment was simply helping the U.S. to catch up. On the war, on China, on welfare reform, on devaluation, he moved the country to abandon positions long outdated and toward steps long overdue. In so doing, he also destroyed some once sacrosanct myths and shibboleths. The result in the U.S. was a greater sense of reality and of scaled-down expectations; given the temper of the times he inherited, that was mostly to the good. The ultimate judgment of his presidency will depend on how he manages to live within the new reality he himself tried to delineate and on whether history accepts his definition.

Yet the standards he has set for his tenure are high. As Nixon mused one recent evening: "Nobody is going to remember an Administration which manages things 10% better." At the moment his adrenaline is flowing; his ambitions are large. Asked recently by an aide which of the earlier Presidents, exclusive of Washington, Jefferson and Madison, he most admired, Nixon ticked them off: Jackson, because he set the economy right; Lincoln, because he held the nation together; Cleveland, because he reasserted the strength of the presidency through his use of the veto; Teddy Roosevelt, because he busted the trusts; Wilson, because he fought for a noble dream; Franklin Roosevelt, because he changed the nation's social fabric. "They all made a difference in their time," said Richard Nixon, who is determined to do the same, and in some areas already has.

The Private World of Richard Nixon

More than any other modern occupant of the White House, Richard Nixon has guarded his privacy. He does not see the presidency as a platform to provide his constituency with psychic gratification, nor does he feel that trivia like what he has for breakfast are worthy of being trumpeted to the four corners of the earth. He revealed his introspective side in this rare and illuminating tour of the Executive Mansion with TIME'S White House Correspondent Jerry Schecter:

WE begin in the Oval Office, a room, the President observes, that "has a mystical effect on people. When visitors come in I have to remind myself that I have to draw them out. I've seen important men, the biggest men in the country, walk into this room and become tongue-tied. It has to do with the majesty and power of the presidency. I don't use this office to make decisions. When I get here, the decision has been made."

Nixon points out that "the way a man uses the room says something about him. When I came to the White House there were three television sets in the Oval Office. I could not work with TV sets in the office. I have no TV sets in my bedroom in the White House or in the bedrooms of any of the places where I live."

How is he kept informed? "I organize my day in a way in which I probably get a more balanced view of the news than anybody who has been in this office. I don't get bogged down in any part of the news. My much maligned and praised news summary covers all aspects of it: the newspapers, TV news, radio, the newsmagazines and the monthly magazines. I can scan

the report in as little as ten minutes and know more than if I had read the New York Times all the way through. I tell the staff to leave out the puff pieces and the personal criticism. I am an issue man."

"I don't worry about the press. For a Congressman or even the Vice President, it is different. My political critics don't get under my skin at all. I care about the substance, but criticism doesn't bother me personally. Somebody may say 'that s.o.b. wrote this and that,' but the President must remain somewhat distant and not personally involved; if he did not, it would erode his ability to make a decision."

"So I never start the morning by reading through the Washington Post or the New York Times. I wouldn't start by looking at Herblock. I know that when I have to make a decision I must be disciplined. I have learned a lot from experience, from great victories and great defeats. They teach discipline. I have my moments when I'm not as disciplined as I might be, but I try to overcome them."

"Great decisions, if they are to be good decisions, must be made coolly; and if you respond in hot blood, you cannot make good decisions. And I like a clean room. This desk is always clean. Of course, if I'm writing a speech, I'm surrounded by a pile of papers as I sit still thinking and concentrating. But whoever is in this office cannot afford to be undisciplined. He must live like a Spartan. You have to save yourself, be at your best, be physically and mentally disciplined to make decisions in a balanced way. I would not think of making a decision by going around the table and then deciding on the basis of how everyone felt. Of course, I like to hear ev-

WITH CORRESPONDENT SCHECTER IN THE LINCOLN SITTING ROOM



everyone, but then I go off alone and decide. The decisions that are important must be made alone.

"I have an absolute rule: I refuse to make decisions that somebody else can make. The first rule of leadership is to save yourself for the big decisions. Don't let your mind become cluttered with trivia. Don't let yourself become the issue."

Those views on delegating authority extend to the management of the White House. "Mrs. Nixon is in charge of the White House. I leave it to the experts. I try to stay out of it unless I have to. Sometimes, for an important state dinner, I'll pick a wine. I do know something about wines. At first I checked the guest lists for all the dinners, but now only sometimes. Rose Woods [Rose Mary Woods, the President's personal secretary] takes care of that. One thing, though: I back my staff totally. If Rose Woods invites somebody and someone else says he's a jerk, I say, 'Maybe he's a jerk, but he was invited.' If anybody does anything for me that I've asked him to do, I back him totally. Nobody is ever dressed down for making a mistake."

"I couldn't get excited about going to a good restaurant night after night. Sometimes I pick a good wine. I don't have wines unless they are the best. During the week my relaxation may be a glass of wine or a drink, but I couldn't have a couple of beers and work well. I relax on a weekend when there is nothing to do the next day, but never at a public event. As President, an individual is expected to maintain a quality of dignity. A quality of aloofness. Yes, of course, to be friendly too, but people don't want the President of the United States to be a little sloppy or lewd or vulgar. They want to think he is one of them but not too much so. If they see the President kicking up his heels, eating too much or drinking too much, the confidence factor is weakened. People want to think that if there is a crisis, he will be cool and sober. They also want to think that he's a human guy who likes his wife and kids and a good time."

From the Oval Office the President moves through the West Wing past his staff offices, then down the back stairs and into the basement. Secret Service men and White House policemen stir. Nixon stops to say a few words to Henry Kissinger's staff in the corner basement office. "How's everyone in the sweatshop? Is he still working you hard?"

"Yes," replies a secretary, "but don't tell him we said so."

"I won't," says the President. "Does he come down and say hello?"

Then it is a brisk walk in the evening coolness over to the Executive Office Building, where the President sprints up the long steps. "I usually

work here from 3 to 6 in the afternoon," he explains. "When important decisions are to be made, I have to withdraw sometimes."

Inside, his E.O.B. office is both practical and elegant. There is a large anteroom with a conference table. One wall is decorated with campaign cartoons. His inner sanctuary has a comfortable warmth. On the President's desk is a copy of Herman Wouk's new novel *The Winds of War*, a gift from the author. "Pat Moynihan and Bill Safire pick books for me. In the reading field I am basically a history buff—history and biography. If I pick out anything to reread, such as Sandburg's *Lincoln*, I mark pages I like. It's poetry, of course."

The President slips into a comfortable, yellow silk armchair, his feet up on an ottoman, to make phone calls. "I make a great number of phone calls. The White House operators are fantastic at reaching people."

He is obviously pleased with the E.O.B. hideaway and how it enables him to vary the mood and pace that he must maintain in the Oval Office. Walking back to the East Wing and the family living quarters, the President talks about his bowling (there are two automatic lanes in the E.O.B. basement). "I usually bowl for an hour about 8:30 or 9. I bowl 155 to 160. I have bowled a few games over 200. I could be a good bowler if I had the time."

The President strides past the press office and enters the White House through the door leading to the Rose Garden. We go to the Lincoln Sitting Room in the southeast corner of the White House. There, where he relaxes and reads, the President has a favorite gray velvet armchair "that we brought from California." This is the room where he met with Henry Kissinger to plan the China trip. Occasionally he smokes a pipe or a cigar here. There is a fireplace he likes to have kept burning and high-fidelity speakers on either side of the grate. His tapes, cartridges and phonograph are in a large walk-in closet near the door to the sitting room. He prefers melodic classics: Van Cliburn playing Grieg, Tchaikovsky and Rachmaninoff; the theme music from *Doctor Zhivago* and *Victory at Sea*.

"I usually bring a briefcase over here and read in the evening. I often read offbeat things selected for me that range from the *National Review* to the *New Republic*, the *Observer* or the so-called little magazines. But if I have to concentrate on composition, I work in the E.O.B." Nixon explains. "I don't see any movies during the



WORKING ALONE IN THE OVAL OFFICE

week, but on Monday nights, I watch the second half of the football game. I never watch myself on television. I strongly advise young political people, 'Don't watch yourself on television. You may become self-conscious.' I did watch Tricia's wedding, though."

From the Lincoln Sitting Room the President leads the way back to his bedroom. In it the President's pajamas are laid out on a small single bed. Next to the bed is a large night table on which is a pile of books: Sandburg's *Abraham Lincoln*, H.G. Wells' *The Outline of History*, Blake's *Divine Comedy*. On the bookshelf opposite his bed are the complete works of Winston Churchill bound in red and green leather. "Prime Minister Heath gave them to me when he was here last."

Does he keep a diary? "I should keep one. It would be priceless. Not in terms of money, but the impressions that will be lost. Now and then I do put something on the Dictaphone and give it to Rose Woods and tell her not to type it up but save it. At night, I usually wake up between 12 and 2 when my mind is clear and make some notes. I never get out of bed, though, because then I would wake up fully. The next morning I look at the notes in the light of day." Near the bed is a white phone marked with a red tab that reads "secure." Says Nixon: "I usually don't use it, though; it's too complicated."

It is time to go. Does he feel at the top of his form? He laughs. "I know the press is saying that. But nobody can judge himself."

Images '71

Searing or sad, promising or poignant, the events of 1971 were caught on film. The following pages contain some of the images of the year that is now history.



G.I. IN VIET NAM



SST PROTOTYPE



JESUS FREAKS



NEW DEMOCRAT JOHN LINDSAY



ATTICA PRISON RIOT



NIXON-COX WEDDING



CALIFORNIA EARTHQUAKE



PRO-COMMON MARKET BONFIRE



FRAZIER BEATS ALI



THE LAST "LOOK"



JOE COLOMBO SHOT



SOVIET COSMONAUTS' FUNERAL



VIDA BLUE



MARINER PROBE OF MARS



MEDINA AFTER ACQUITTAL



ENGLAND OUSTS RUSSIAN SPIES



HOT PANTS CATCH FIRE



DANIEL ELLSBERG



DISNEY WORLD OPENS



N.Y. POLICEMAN'S FUNERAL



BERRIGAN & CO-DEFENDANT



U.S. PING PONG TEAM IN CHINA



LABOR CHIEF GEORGE MEANY



VIOLENCE IN NORTHERN IRELAND



LUNAR ROVER AT HADLEY RILLE



SATCHMO WAVES GOODBYE



COMMUNIST CHINA ENTERS U.N.



HIROHITO IN DENMARK



TRudeau MARRIES MARGARET SINCLAIR



CASTRO VISITS MARXIST CHILE



THIEU CAMPAIGNING



DOCK STRIKE HITS U.S.



KHRUSHCHEV DIES



VIET VET ON METHADONE



THE ECONOMY IN CRISIS



CALIFORNIA WELFARE RECIPIENT



KENNEDY CENTER OPENS



MAYDAY DEMONSTRATOR



IRAN'S 2,500TH ANNIVERSARY



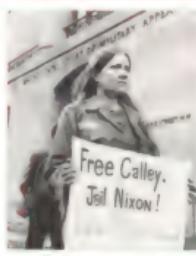
HUGO BLACK (1886-1971)



EAST PAKISTAN REFUGEE



JUSTICES REHNQUIST & POWELL



CALLEY VERDICT AFTERMATH



FIRE-BOMBED BUSES IN PONTIAC



"JESUS CHRIST SUPERSTAR"



INDIRA GANDHI



KISSINGER AT GREAT WALL OF CHINA

POLITICS

The Polish Connection

It was a merry Christmas for Edmund Muskie. Santa Claus appeared in the person of Ohio Governor John Gilligan, who endorsed Muskie for President, while the beaming candidate stood near by and acknowledged that he could not think of a "better, happier gift." Another present came from the latest Harris poll, which showed that Muskie has gained ground against his rival Democrats as well as the President. Muskie ran the strongest race of any of the Democrats against Nixon, though he still trailed the President, 39% to 43%. But he has moved eight points closer to Nixon since the last Harris poll in September.

The Gilligan endorsement is the most important that Muskie has won

an important guest for dinner. When Gilligan appeared at the door, she exclaimed: "Why John, what are you doing here?" The answer was quickly apparent. Gilligan informed Muskie that he had almost decided to support him for President—so long as Muskie was willing to put up a scrappy primary fight in Ohio. "You bet!" responded Muskie, obviously delighted.

The Gilligan endorsement is no guarantee of victory in Ohio. There will probably be plenty of competition in the primary. Before endorsing Muskie, Gilligan phoned Hubert Humphrey to break the news. Disappointed, Humphrey replied: "O.K., but I've got some decisions to make too, and I may be seeing you in Ohio." Humphrey has considerable labor support in the state; disgruntled with Gilligan's Muskie endorsement, the AFL-CIO hierarchy plans to file labor delegate candidates for Humphrey and possibly other contenders. George McGovern also intends to put up a battle.

Lining Up. But the Muskie forces are confident of winning with Gilligan's help. They are also optimistic about the seven earlier primaries in March and April—with the single exception of Florida, where a badly splintered vote may elect George Wallace.

Other key politicians are beginning to fall into line behind Muskie; both Pennsylvania Governor Milton Shapp and Illinois Senator Adlai Stevenson III are expected by Muskie strategists to endorse their man soon. Muskie now stands about where John Kennedy did in 1959—beginning to pull ahead of his rivals but still not a sure thing. Muskie lacks the Kennedy bravura; sometimes criticized for indecisiveness, he has not yet demonstrated that he could galvanize the country. On the other hand, he has an advantage that J.F.K. did not: Roman Catholicism is no longer a serious handicap for a presidential candidate. So far, he has not made the kind of fatal mistake that many have predicted he would commit. Rather than having to justify his past, he is able to concentrate exclusively on the hurdles ahead.

Daley on the Defensive

The most powerful political machine in the U.S. is run by Mayor Richard Daley in Chicago. Reformers have railed against it and disappeared; the machine endures. But now it is under a new kind of attack that may prove more damaging. For the first time since Daley moved into city hall almost 17 years ago, his rule has been challenged by a trusted lieutenant, and the case is being aired before a fascinated public. This unheard-of revolt could ultimately wreck Daley's machine, plunge the Illinois Democratic Party into disarray and throw a crucial state to Richard Nixon in the presidential election.

The trouble began last September,

when it was revealed that Edward Hanrahan, state's attorney in Cook County, had been indicted by a special grand jury. He was charged with trying to prevent an honest investigation of the police raid on a Black Panther apartment in 1969 that resulted in the death of two blacks.* At first, Daley was willing to overlook his loyal protégé's indiscretion: Hanrahan was on the 1972 slate of Democratic candidates proclaimed by Daley early in December. But Daley did not realize how badly Hanrahan had been hurt.

As the Democratic candidates hit the campaign trail, they discovered that voters were more concerned about Hanrahan than any other issue. Lieutenant Governor Paul Simon, who is running for Governor, told Daley that Hanrahan's presence on the ticket could defeat them all.

So Daley summoned the state's



STATE'S ATTORNEY HANRAHAN
Bucking the boss.

top political leaders to a marathon Sunday meeting to discuss the fate of Hanrahan. After heated argument, the caucus decided that Hanrahan had to go. Next day, Cook County's 80 ward and township committeemen met to vote to replace him on the ticket with Raymond Berg, chief judge of the traffic court. They had little time to make the change official. If Berg was going to qualify, they had to have about 6,000 names on petitions by 5 o'clock that afternoon. City business was ignored as jobholders scurried around with petitions, some bearing numerous



MUSKIE & GOVERNOR GILLIGAN
The happiest gift.

to date. The Governor flexes considerable political muscle in a state that sends 153 delegates to the national convention. Not that the decision was easy for Gilligan. His state organization would have preferred him to lead an uncommitted delegation to Miami so that Ohio would have bargaining room at the convention. But party reform discouraged such a tactic (TIME, Dec. 6). Gilligan could have kept control of the delegation by declaring himself a favorite son, but he would have risked looking like a political boss. He chose instead to back the man most likely to win.

Scrappy Fight. The Polish connection, as Gilligan calls it, was made in the strictest secrecy. Two weeks ago, the Governor slipped out of Columbus and flew to Manchester, N.H., where he headed for the home of Maria Carrier, a Muskie campaign worker. Mrs. Carrier had been told only that the candidate was meeting

* The Panthers charged that the cops came in shooting, while the police argued that the blacks fired first. A federal grand jury reported that there was evidence that only one bullet had been fired by the Panthers, at least #2 by the cops. Charges were dropped against the Panthers, and Hanrahan was accused of obstructing justice by covering up for the police and interfering with the defense of the surviving Panthers.

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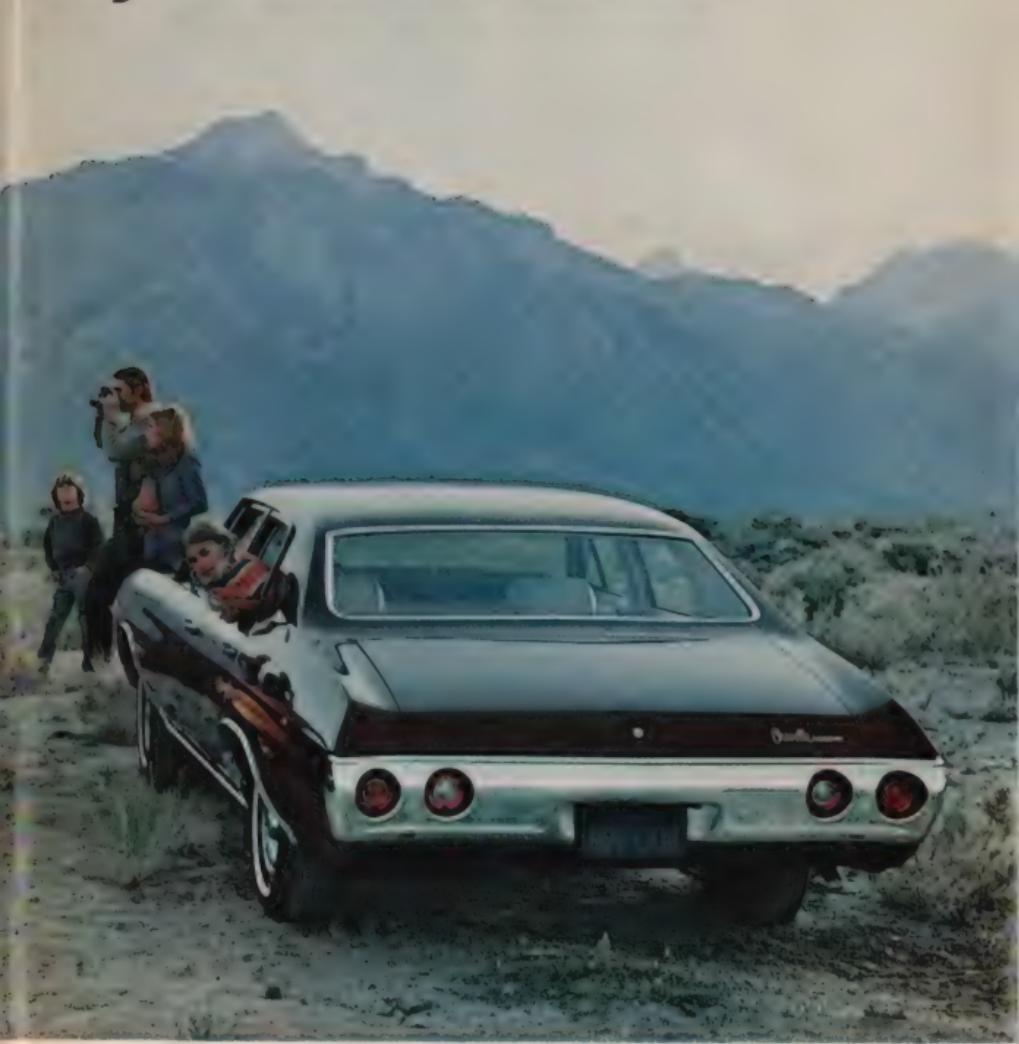
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GENERAL ELECTRIC

forged signatures of names taken from polling lists. In a mere 5½ hours, Daley loyalists ended up with almost 20,000 signatures—more than enough to withstand any challenge.

Hanrahan was offered a circuit court judgeship as a consolation prize, but he turned it down. He said he would prefer to serve on the Illinois appellate court. That seemed to be asking a bit much for a man currently under indictment, so Daley demurred. Hanrahan marched before television cameras and announced that he would not withdraw from the race for state's attorney. Said he: "That would be the Black Panthers' biggest campaign propaganda victory."

With the machine against him, he does not stand much chance of winning the primary. It is the trouble he can cause that alarms the Democrats. As state's attorney, says a top Chicago politician, "Hanrahan knows where all the bodies are buried and where all the skeletons hang. He's just bullheaded enough, if pushed, to declare war on the machine." In other words, though no one would have believed it a month ago, Hanrahan has in danger of becoming a reformer.

Fear of Knapp. The machine has been willing to lose almost any office in the state in order to keep the prosecutor's job in reliable hands.

With the Hanrahan defection, party regulars fear the worst—for example, a probe of Chicago cops in the style of New York City's Knapp Commission. Already the names of several dozen people who say their signatures were forged on Berg petitions have been handed to Hanrahan for investigation. Even if he is dropped from the ticket, Hanrahan still has another year in office in which to make trouble.

Still hoping to make a deal with Hanrahan, Daley is trying to put a bright face on the affair. "This shows the strength of the Democratic Party," he says gamely. "You can have differences of opinion and you can work them out at the polls. We're having an open primary."

That is the last thing he actually wants. His own power has been threatened not by a liberal Democrat who can be casually written off but by a loyal son of the machine—a sign of inner decay. By staying in the race, Hanrahan will boost the chances of the independent candidate for Governor, Dan Walker, a Chicago lawyer and sometime vice president of Montgomery Ward who authored the famed Walker Report on rioting at the 1968 Democratic Convention. If they emerge divided from a bruising primary, the Democrats will not be in the best shape to defeat Nixon—and once again Hanrahan may be keeping an eye on the voting machines. The Hanrahan affair could be the beginning of the end of Richard Daley.



KRIEGL BEFORE KNAPP COMMISSION
The story changed.

A Bloodied Lindsay

Mayor John Lindsay has managed to sidestep direct blame for not responding quickly to widespread police corruption in New York City. But last week he was bloodied politically when one of his aides appeared to be covering up for him before the Knapp Commission, which has been investigating police conduct.

In earlier testimony in closed sessions, Mayoral Assistant Jay Kriegel, 31, whom Lindsay has called the "best staff man in America," had admitted going to the mayor in 1967 with the sordid details of police crime that Detective Frank Serpico and Sergeant David Durk had given him. By the testimony of Durk and Serpico, Kriegel came back to them to report that the Lindsay administration was concerned about possible ghetto rioting and did not want to upset the police.

In his latest appearance before the commission, Kriegel told a different story. He said this time that he had never given the mayor more than a general idea of the cops' charges and did not provide him with specifics. Nor, said Kriegel, had he ever told Durk and Serpico that the mayor was concerned about bothering the police by acting on corruption. But the two policemen have stuck to their version.

Lindsay's long-awaited announcement of his presidential candidacy may come this week; the Kriegel matter does his white-knight persona little good. Queens Democratic Leader Matthew Troy, who is supporting George McGovern for President, has demanded an investigation. Manhattan District Attorney Frank Hogan acknowledged that he was examining the testimony for possible discrepancies. Lindsay struck back at the "petty, carping, nar-

row little men" who were attacking him. It was really a case, he said, of people objecting to his effort to assert civilian control over the police—which hardly explains why he was so tardy in exercising control when he got word of corruption in the department.

LABOR

Hoffa Home Free

Four years and nine months ago, after strenuous efforts by the Kennedy Administration to get him jailed, Teamster Boss James Hoffa walked through the gates of the federal penitentiary in Lewisburg, Pa., to start serving a 13-year sentence for jury tampering and mail fraud. Last week Jimmy Hoffa walked out, his sentence commuted by order of President Nixon. The Justice Department announcement noted that Hoffa had been a well-behaved prisoner and indicated that Nixon had acted largely for humanitarian reasons: Hoffa's wife Josephine is recovering from a heart attack.

Some read the commutation in a different light. Despite his imprisonment, Hoffa remains tremendously popular with his union's rank and file. The Administration has been assiduously wooing the Teamsters, the nation's largest union. Moreover, the President has had problems lately with his party's right wing, and one of the chief agitators for Hoffa's release has been William Loeb, archconservative publisher of the Manchester (N.H.) *Union Leader*.

The Administration openly struck one bargain with Hoffa: his commutation requires that he "not engage in the direct or indirect management of any labor organization prior to March 1980." By then, he will be 67.

LEAVING LEWISBURG PENITENTIARY



RACES

Jackson PUSHes On

Outside the shabby Metropolitan Theater in the center of Chicago's South Side black ghetto, a crowd on the sidewalk listened carefully to the words coming from loudspeakers. For almost four hours, they and 3,000 others jammed inside heard the Rev. Jesse Jackson spell out his plans for Operation PUSH—People United to Save Humanity—which would continue the programs he started while head of Operation Breadbasket. The new organization, Jackson said, would be born on



ABERNATHY LEAVING S.C.I.C. MEETING
After deep rifts . . .

officially on Christmas Day, and its membership would be a "rainbow coalition" of people, white and black, who would "push for a greater share of economic and political power for all poor people in America in the spirit of Dr. Martin Luther King Jr."

By starting PUSH, Jackson ended a nearly six-year association with Operation Breadbasket and its parent organization, the Southern Christian Leadership Conference, which King headed until his death in 1968. Without King's powers of mediation and persuasion, rifts had deepened between the two men who inherited the largest pieces of King's mantle. There was Jackson, 30, a driving organizer who made Breadbasket, a Chicago-based coalition of black ministers and entrepreneurs, into a successful tool for building black businesses. And there was the Rev. Ralph David Abernathy, 45, an old-

THE NATION

style Southern preacher who succeeded King as president of S.C.I.C. Officially, Breadbasket has been the economic arm of S.C.I.C. Only a few months after King died, Jackson said of Abernathy: "Man, I never listen to that nigger." As Jackson's success grew, the split between him and Abernathy widened.

The conflict between them first surfaced publicly in 1968 at an S.C.I.C. national convention in Memphis, where Jackson started angling for a post high in the S.C.I.C. hierarchy. The board of directors, made up of older ministers and professional men, turned him down. Said one observer: "He tried to leapfrog too many people who were working harder than himself." Last year Jackson was asked to move Breadbasket headquarters to Atlanta; he refused. Abernathy backed down, but after that, Jackson's resignation was only a matter of time. When he finally quit three weeks ago, he said he needed "room to grow."

Lost Edge. While Abernathy is dedicated and hard working, he never pretended to match the magnetic qualities of King. Jackson, however, brought a new style to the civil rights struggle—a combination of youth, good looks and sheer audacity. Jackson's public emphasis on the importance of economic growth to black progress made him a national figure. Now he contends that the civil rights movement has lost its cutting edge. "It has no offensive thrust," he complains. With PUSH, Jackson plans to keep stressing economics, but with an increased concern for politics as well. Jackson currently disclaims any personal political aspirations, but he plans to lean heavily on politicians to work harder for black economic opportunity.

The new organization has ample support: Operation Breadbasket's entire 25-man Chicago staff and 30 of its 35 board members quit with Jackson. Money will be a problem, but plenty of prominent blacks have offered to help Jackson raise the estimated \$250,000 PUSH will need for its first six months of operation—among them Manhattan Borough President Percy Sutton, Gary, Ind., Mayor Richard G. Hatcher, Singer Aretha Franklin, Fullback-turned-Actor Jim Brown, and Actor Ossie Davis, who is something of a behind-the-scenes power in the civil rights movement. However, those backers took care to say that they do not mean to abandon S.C.I.C., an institution that they feel must be preserved.

S.C.I.C. officials have had little to say about Jackson's new organization. Most feel that PUSH will help black businessmen more than it will aid the poor. They plan to continue Breadbasket and the other programs that have made S.C.I.C. the largest direct-action, grass-roots civil rights group in the U.S. Its organizers, working mainly in Southern states, have managed to register black voters, successfully demonstrate for jobs, and generally lead the

assault on racial injustice. But some sympathetic critics, like Reese Cleghorn, a white liberal formerly on the Southern Regional Council, feel that the organization relies too much on tactics that were more effective ten years ago than today. There are recurring rumors that Abernathy may soon be forced out.

Rolls or Chevy. In resigning, Jackson may have irreparably harmed S.C.I.C., but he contends that he did not intend to, and that both the conference and his new organization can function without conflict. Says Jackson: "We have the same goals. Now we can both work to expand on those goals in the in-



JESSE JACKSON IN CHICAGO
. . . the final break.

terests of black and poor people everywhere." He refuses to defend himself against S.C.I.C. charges and innuendos. Among other things, S.C.I.C. has ordered an audit of the Breadbasket books, and refuses to accept Jackson's resignation. When Jackson quit, he insisted that all assets be turned over to S.C.I.C.: "We will take nothing that was raised under the name Breadbasket."

Although some peacemaking attempts are still under way, the break is final. How well Jackson will succeed on his new course is uncertain. Says the Rev. William A. Jones Jr., a pastor in Brooklyn's Bedford-Stuyvesant ghetto who has been appointed to take over Jackson's Breadbasket role temporarily: "With his peculiar gifts, he may be able to develop a new instrument that will attract like-minded people. Whether he is giving up a Cadillac for a Rolls-Royce or a Chevy remains to be seen."

Barrow, Alaska: Cold Frontier

TIME Correspondent Karsten Prager, based in San Francisco, journeyed to Alaska for a look at the nation's biggest, frostiest state. He stopped in Barrow, the northernmost city in the U.S., 330 miles above the Arctic Circle. He found it in some ways startlingly unusual, in others oddly like any other American town of its size.

It is dark now and the bitterly cold wind drives waves of snow across the flat, white landscape that is Barrow, Alaska. In mid-November, the sun dipped below the southwestern horizon, bringing winter darkness that will last into January. The city lies wrapped in a frigid cocoon of Arctic night. Beached boats of varying sizes dot the snow-covered ice pack that runs along the shore of the Chukchi

get in and out only two months a year. The only year-round connection to the outside is by air, and every day a Wien Consolidated Airlines Boeing 737 jet puts down on an airstrip just outside the settlement. The community's leaders say that the remoteness of Barrow is probably the main reason for one of the area's most perplexing problems—excessive drinking. Of the 700-odd arrests made by Barrow police over the past year, almost all were related to drinking. An important police chore during night hours in Barrow is getting drunken townspeople in from the freezing cold. "They're simply bored," says Mrs. Sadie Neakok, 51, the district magistrate in Barrow. "There's nothing better to do than get drunk." Recreation is limited to basketball at the school gym, un-

makes sanitation a problem. Although the U.S. Public Health Service has promised to help with sewers and a water system some time in the future, Barrow residents usually dump solid wastes—enclosed in the ubiquitous 55-gal. drums—near the Naval Lab. In the summer, however, the stench of open "honeybuckets" is almost unbearable.

Barrow's Eskimos worry about the influence of cultural and social change. "Our way of living, our mode of dress, our language are going," says Mrs. Neakok. "You hardly see anyone in furs any more; now they have fancy corduroy parkas." There are still a few in Barrow who carve the ivory tusks of walrus into artful figures, but that also is going, and the settlement's 400 snowmobiles have entirely replaced the dog sled. About the only thing that has survived from the old days is the hunt. The men still hunt whales from fragile little boats made from animal skins. They also stalk wal-

MOLLY RODDING



Sea. That is the limit of Alaska's North Slope, the last land between America and the North Pole.

Barrow in winter is mainly a scattered group of frame houses covered by layers of frost. Much of the time "20-20" weather prevails—20° below-zero temperature and a bone-rattling 20-knot wind—making the chill factor 70° below zero. During winter in Barrow one does not walk more than 1,000 ft. before taking cover. To go farther would invite painful frostbite.

Some 2,300 people live in Barrow, now Alaska's ninth largest city. Once it was a small Eskimo village. Then, in the late 19th century, Charles Brower set up a whaling station; he stayed on for 57 years and became known as "The King of the North." Today about 90% of the people in Barrow are Eskimos. They and the few whites in Barrow form a tightly knit community. There is not much money in the settlement's treasury. But when a new emergency fire vehicle was needed, the residents chipped in to help the town buy a \$30,000 fully tracked fire truck that can go anywhere in any weather.

There are no roads linking Barrow to the outside world; ships can

reliable cable television, movies at the Polar Bear Theater (with special weekend showings of X-rated films), bingo and a week of Eskimo sports between Christmas and New Year's.

Another problem is unemployment, which stands at more than 50%. The population has doubled since the end of World War II, but jobs have not kept pace. Some people have moved away, but the close-knit community life in Barrow ties its residents to the city. The Prudhoe Bay oil strike, 200 miles to the east, has so far meant only about two dozen jobs in Barrow. The Government remains the biggest local employer; there is a branch of the Bureau of Indian Affairs, for example, and a Naval Arctic Research Lab just outside town.

The amenities that most Americans take for granted are hard to come by. Pipelines for natural gas, used to heat homes in Barrow, must run above ground, because the earth is permanently frozen from a few inches below the surface to a depth of 1,300 ft. Gas lines snake through the settlement resting on half-sections of 55-gal. oil drums; at intersections, the pipe is framed in wood and runs overhead on gateways that look like crude Japanese torii. The impenetrable ground also

rus, seal, polar bear and caribou. But now they use high-powered rifles to bring down their prey.

Barrow's postmaster, Lester Suvlu, 34, says wryly: "Our problems are just about like those in any other community—booze, delinquency and finances." The young are Barrow's main concern. Some teen-agers have resorted to petty thievery from shops and homes, and others once tried to form a teen-age gang. More than half the population is under 16, yet Barrow has no high school. The youngsters must go off to schools elsewhere in Alaska or even in the "Lower 48." They come back only to find nothing to do. One hope is that the U.S. Navy oil reserve surrounding Barrow may some day be opened for private exploitation, thus creating new jobs. Also, Barrow should profit from the \$962.5 million Alaska native land claims settlement passed by Congress two weeks ago. "There is no reason why our people should have less of an opportunity for the good life than anyone else," says Jack Chenoweth, 27, a Harvard Law School graduate from New Jersey who became Barrow city manager after serving a stint as a VISTA volunteer. "It can be done, but it will cost money. Maybe somebody needs to help us."

PAKISTAN

Ali Bhutto Begins to Pick Up the Pieces

ANGER over its humiliating defeat by India boiled into street demonstrations throughout Pakistan, rumors of an impending coup d'état by younger army officers against the government of President Mohammed Agha Yahya Khan swept the country. As expected, Yahya last week became the highest-ranking casualty of the war to forestall further unrest, he hastily surrendered his powers to Zulfikar Ali Bhutto, 43, the ambitious leader of West Pakistan's powerful People's Party. Bhutto, the first civilian to lead his country in 13 years, launched his presidency with a move calculated to appease the wounded feelings of his nation: he sacked the entire top echelon

been a more perfect way." A veteran army officer, with tears in his eyes, told TIME Correspondent Louis Kraar: "How can men have confidence in Yahya Khan when he is such a drinker and womanizer? We are being punished by God for departing from the ways of Islam." Pakistanis who had proudly listened to the steady din of a patriotic song on the radio (*War Is Not a Game That Woman Can Play*) choked with anger when India's radio blared forth a bitter but pointed parody, *War Is Not a Game That Drunkards Can Play*.

Yahya got the message. When Bhutto returned from a trip to the United Nations, he was immediately in-

to-heart talk" to his people. "I am speaking to you today as the authentic voice of the people of Pakistan," he declared, conveniently omitting the fact that the Awami League, the party headed by the East Pakistani political leader, Sheikh Mujibur Rahman, had won more seats than Bhutto's party in the national elections last March.

Trump Card. On the one hand, Bhutto insisted that East Pakistan remains "an inseparable and indissoluble part of Pakistan" and demanded an end to the Indian occupation in the East. But then, in a notably conciliatory appeal to the East Bengalis, he asked them "not to forget us, but to forgive us if they are angry with us. Yes, mistakes have been made, but that does not mean that a country should be dismembered." Indeed, he added that he would settle for "a very loose arrangement within the framework of one Pakistan."

In any future negotiations with the new government of Bangladesh (see following story), Bhutto has a strong trump card: "Mujib" Rahman has been imprisoned in West Pakistan since last March. Bhutto may well use Mujib's release as the price for getting back the 60,000 Pakistani soldiers who are held captive by the Indian army in Bangladesh. Last week Bhutto ordered Mujib moved from a prison to house arrest in a more comfortable bungalow, and said that he was ready to begin talks with Mujib shortly.

Tea Parties. In his address to the people, Bhutto also denounced government nepotism and laziness. "As I work night and day, I will expect the bureaucracy to work night and day. These tea parties must come to an end." He promised better conditions for workers, land reform for peasants and an end to the practice of flogging prisoners. Two days later, he impounded the passports of all members of Pakistan's "22 families," the wealthy aristocrats who—until the secession of East Pakistan—controlled two-thirds of the country's industrial assets and 80% of its banking and insurance businesses; and declared that he would break their stranglehold on the nation's economy. Bhutto also announced that he would hold the portfolios of defense, foreign affairs, interior and interprovincial affairs himself.

The inaugural speech was the supreme moment in the career of a cunning and able politician who seems to inspire either unqualified adulation or fierce contempt. The scion of a wealthy



SHEIK MUJIBUR RAHMAN

Let them forgive us if they are angry with us.

of the army, denounced them as "feudal lords," and pledged that he would lead Pakistan to democracy—although not, perhaps, right away.

The change of power came none too soon, for Yahya had found himself the principal target of a terrible national fury. In Peshawar, an angry mob burned him in effigy and set afire a house they thought he owned. Outside President's House in Rawalpindi, a band of sobbing wives and sisters of captured Pakistani soldiers threw down their gold and silver bangles in a bitter symbolic gesture: Yahya had taken their men, so now he could have their jewelry, too.

Game of Drunks. The former air force commander in chief, General Mohammed Asghar Khan, demanded a public trial for Yahya, adding, "If someone had asked how to destroy Pakistan, there could not have



NEW PRESIDENT BHUTTO

vited to President's House. Bhutto later recounted that at the two-hour meeting, he told Yahya: "You have been committing one blunder after another. But even now, if you don't listen to me, I will go into the background and keep quiet." Yahya replied: "I want to swear you in."

Heart to Heart. Moments after he took the oath of office, Bhutto accepted the retirement offers of seven generals, including Yahya himself. (Seven more were fired later in the week, as well as six top navy officers.) He appointed a new acting army commander, Lieut. General Gul Hasan, and assured younger officers that despite the defeat, they had nothing to be ashamed of: "You are the victims of a system."

That evening Bhutto delivered a 57-minute address on the national radio network that he described as "a heart-

landowning family and a graduate of the University of California at Berkeley and Oxford University, Bhutto in recent years has become a convinced socialist who has vowed to turn his country into a "people's democracy." As Pakistan's Foreign Minister from 1963 to 1966 under Yahya's predecessor, Mohammed Ayub Khan, Bhutto was the chief architect of his country's friendly policy toward China. He resigned after a series of differences with Ayub, and in 1968-69 spent three months in jail on political charges.

Rule by Rhetoric. Some diplomats in Pakistan consider Bhutto a potential Nasser—a populist demagogue who will rule by rhetoric and charisma. "We have to pick up the pieces, the very small pieces," Bhutto said last week, clearly welcoming the opportunity to do so. If he cannot, he too might well end up a scapegoat for the failures of Yahya and the army in politics and on the battlefield. As a first step, Bhutto must convince his countrymen that any real chance of salvaging Mohammed Ali Jinnah's dream of a united Pakistan is about as realistic as the CRUSH INDIA stickers that can still be seen on car windows in Rawalpindi and Lahore.

BANGLADESH

Vengeance in Victory

For nearly nine months Pakistani soldiers routinely raped Bengali women, razed houses and shot unarmed villagers in a campaign of terror designed to intimidate and pacify East Pakistan. That brutality became one of India's justifications for attacking in the East, and critics of U.S. policy pointed it out as a reason why the U.S. should not be associated with the military regime of Islamabad. Sadly, but perhaps inevitably, brutal acts of revenge by the other side are following India's military triumph and the establishment of what is now the People's Republic of Bangladesh.

In Dacca last week, a rally held to seek the release of the imprisoned Bangladeshi leader Sheikh Mujibur Rahman suddenly became a public execution. Four trussed-up men who had been accused of assaulting Bengali women were brought to a public park near the Dacca Race Course, where the rally was being held. As thousands of spectators cheered, the men were tortured for more than an hour and then bayoneted to death. Other prisoners, particularly razakars, or members of the army-backed East Pakistani militia, have been summarily executed since the war ended. What distinguished the Dacca incident was the fact that Western newsmen were on hand to record the scene and send out photographs despite the determined censorship efforts of Indian authorities.

To deter that kind of visceral re-

venge all across Bangladesh, Indian troops were doing their diplomatic best last week to disarm the guerrilla Mukti Bahini, who now number about 100,000. The Bengalis' desire for retaliation against their oppressors was intensified by evidence that Pakistani soldiers had committed atrocities even after it was apparent that the war had been lost. In Dacca, Indian troops discovered a mass grave containing the mutilated bodies of 125 of the 400 leading Bengali intellectuals who had been kidnapped in the last days of the war. They had apparently been killed a few hours before the Indians took control of the city. If Bengalis seek revenge for such murders, they may slaughter many of the estimated 1,500,000 Biharis—or non-Bengali Moslems—who now constitute an imperiled minority in the new state.

With considerable uncertainty, Bangladesh last week also took the first steps toward establishing an independent government. Since West Pakistan's suppression last March of the Awami League, which had pressed for autonomy in the East, a Bangladesh government in exile has been working from inside India. Last week its leaders flew home from



Mukti Bahini guerrillas (top) bayonet a captive in Dacca. Two other prisoners (left) plead for mercy; moments later they were killed. Apparently a relative of one victim, a boy (above) is stomped to death when he ran to the side of the dead man.

THE WORLD

Calcutta's Dum Dum Airport in an Indian air force Carihou, one of the few aircraft that could land on Dacca airport's bombed-out runway. Acting President Syed Nazrul Islam, Prime Minister Tajuddin Ahmed and Foreign Minister Khandaker Moshtaque were wildly welcomed by 100,000 Daccaans who had flocked to the airport to meet them. One of the incoming government's first acts was to pay a call on the wife of Sheik Mujib, who is still a captive of West Pakistan.

Formidable Tasks. The tasks facing the new leaders of Bangladesh are formidable to say the least. So far, their government has been recognized only by the kingdom of Bhutan and by India. Soon relief supplies from the U.S. and other nations will arrive to begin the task of rebuilding the country and providing for the 10 million Bengali refugees who will be swarming back from West Bengal. Longer-term economic aid for Bangladesh development, however, will have to wait until the government proves its viability. Politically there is trouble ahead, too. Growing radical factions in the youthful Mukti Bahini clearly are not content with the prospect of being ruled by the middle-of-the-roaders of the Awami League. Independence, in short, appears to be just the beginning of trouble for Bangladesh.

INDOCHINA

The Air War Resumes

The scene was oddly reminiscent of the days in 1968 when American pilots flying Rolling Thunder missions regularly went down over North Viet Nam. In Hanoi, four U.S. airmen—two still in their flight suits, two already in P.O.W. blues—were trotted out before gloating Communist newsmen at a press conference. The flyers, said their captors, had ejected from two F-4 Phantom fighter-bombers that had crashed near Hanoi and Haiphong. "All four looked very miserable and showed great fear on their faces," Radio Hanoi reported. They had come, it added, for a "brazen" attack "deep into the mainland of North Viet Nam."

Not so. As Hanoi well knew, the pilots were casualties of a fierce but little-noticed air war that has boiled up rapidly—not over North Viet Nam but over the Communist infiltration routes into Laos and down the Ho Chi Minh Trail into South Viet Nam and Cambodia. In one 27-hour period last week, four Phantoms ran into fatal trouble over Laos. One was downed by ground fire; two ran out of fuel while trying to evade missiles and flak along the

North Vietnamese border; the fourth was destroyed by a missile-armed MiG-21—the first kill by a North Vietnamese jet since January 1970, when a MiG shot a U.S. helicopter down over Laos. Striking back, U.S. planes attacked five North Vietnamese missile and radar sites, one of them only 73 miles from Hanoi.

A Gauntlet. Like the ground war, the air war has subsided in South Viet Nam only to continue in Laos and Cambodia. By some measures, American air activity is way down; since the peak days of 1968, aircraft sorties have declined by 65%, while the number of U.S. combat planes in the area has dropped from 1,350 to about 350.

Since President Nixon took office, however, 3,000,000 tons of U.S. bombs have been dropped in Indochina—slightly more than the total dropped in the last three years of the Johnson Administration. During the past ten months, the tonnages have begun to decline fairly rapidly. But the bombing is still substantial, particularly in the Laotian-North Vietnamese border area around the key mountain passes through which the North Vietnamese push troops and supplies into the war at the advent of each dry season.

When the monsoon skies cleared

"Not a Person To Be Pressured"

The determined woman whose nation now dominates the subcontinent of South Asia approaches peace as she approached war with Pakistan: coldly, but optimistically. During an interview in her airy, unassuming New Delhi office, TIME Correspondent William Stewart found Prime Minister Indira Gandhi "relaxed and smiling shyly, though looking slightly wan. She was spontaneous but totally free of wartime rhetoric." Some of her comments:

ON RELATIONS WITH PAKISTAN. A stable Pakistan is in India's interests, and we want normal, friendly and enduring relations with the new government. We do not insist that Islamabad recognize the new regime in Dacca. After all, Bangladesh is a reality; anything else is between Bangladesh and Pakistan. But Pakistan must overcome her negative attitude toward India. Whether Mr. Bhutto's new government is politically secure enough to negotiate a satisfactory settlement is not for me to say. You heard the speech he made [in which Bhutto promised peace only if New Delhi recognized the East as still a part of Pakistan]. I hope that is not all he has to say.

ON MOSCOW'S INFLUENCE. We are friends; we have always been friends. The Soviet Union recognized certain attitudes



PRIME MINISTER GANDHI

in Asia, such as racialism and colonialism. But Russia will not affect our decision making. We will not be party to any bloc.

ON U.S. POLICY. There must be more realism in America regarding the realities of modern Asia. The turmoil that has engulfed South Asia is essentially a legacy of the big-power politics from the days of John Foster Dulles. We have never believed in balance-of-power politics; it is quite out of date. But it was that sort of politics that forced us into war, even though war was not in our national interest. We are not

going to allow other countries to use Pakistan as they have before.

ON THE REFUGEES. I don't see any reason why the refugees who have come to India from East Pakistan should be reluctant to go home now. They might have been inclined to stay a while ago, when the liberation of Bangladesh still seemed impossible to them. But I'm sure that the bulk of the refugees will be returned before the end of February.

ON INDIA'S STABILITY. Not a single voice has been raised for a union of the Bengalis [meaning the Bengalis of East Pakistan and their restive neighbors in India's State of West Bengal, some of whom are rumored to favor secession from India in order to join Bangladesh]. The people of Bangladesh went through hell to establish their separate identity. Why should they give it up?

ON THE CEASE-FIRE. There have been suggestions [among others, from President Nixon; see page 14] that we were pressured into the cease-fire by the Russians, who in turn were being pressured by the Americans. Hah! The decision was made right here, at the moment of the surrender in Dacca. We were able to inform the Soviet Union right away only because Mr. Kuznetsov [the Soviet First Deputy Foreign Minister] happened to be here. I am not a person to be pressured—by anybody or any nation.



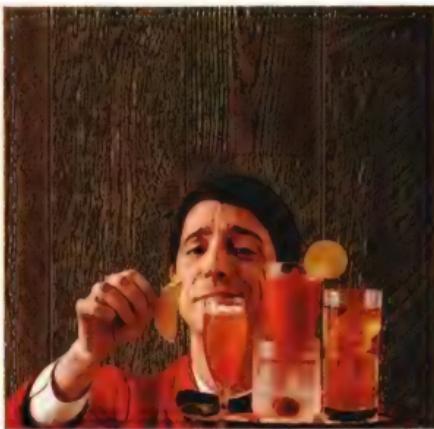
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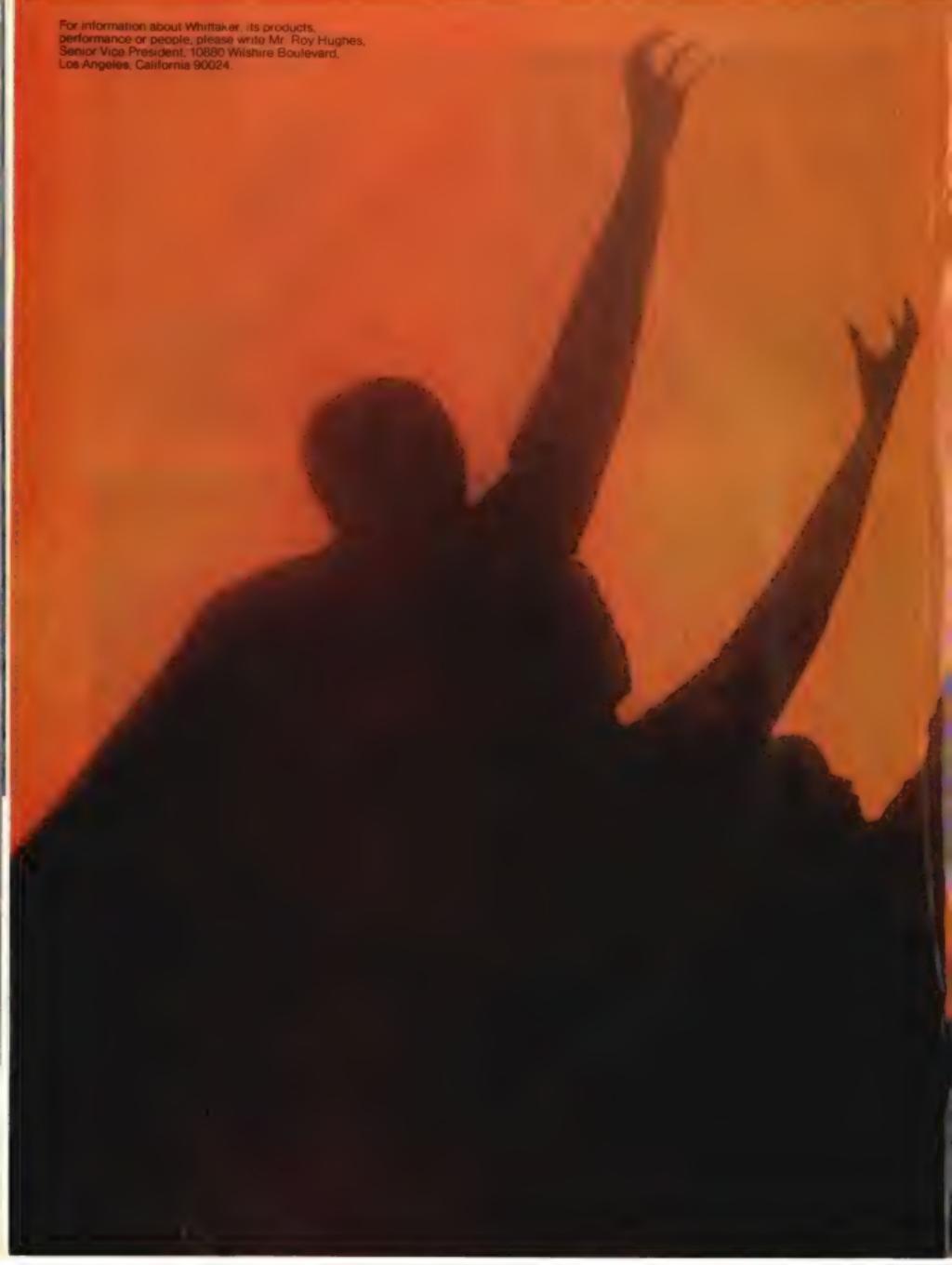
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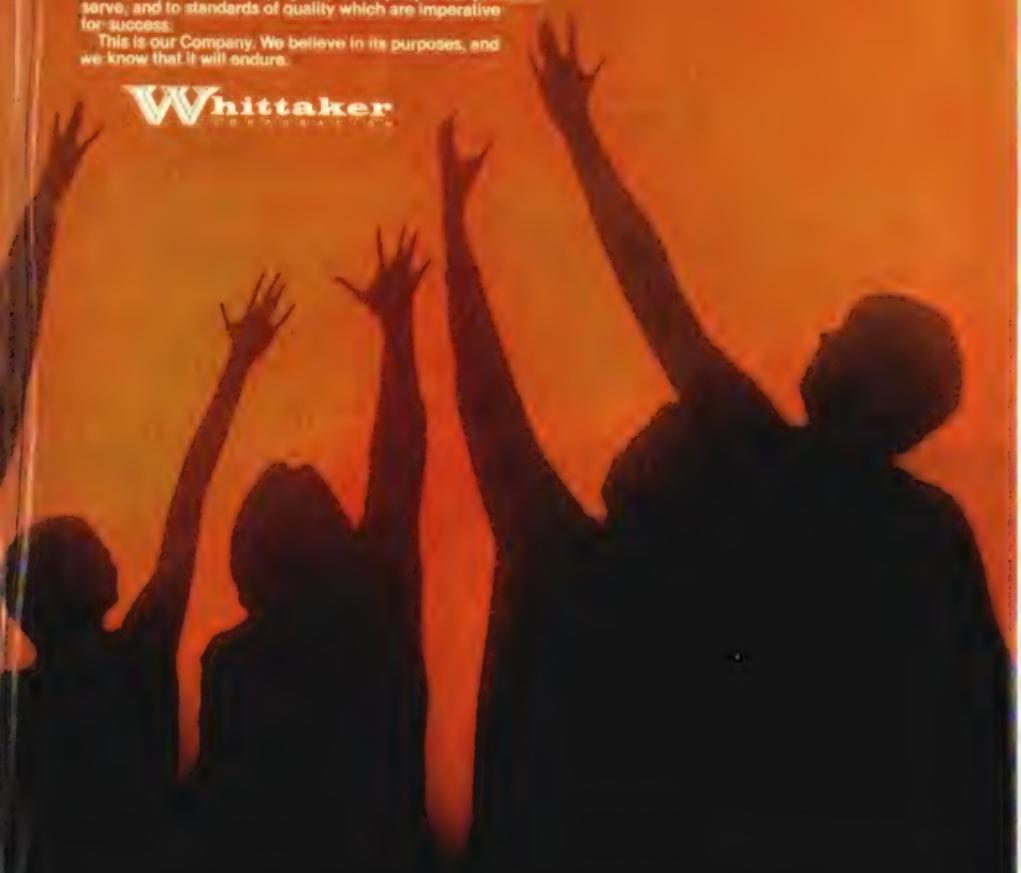
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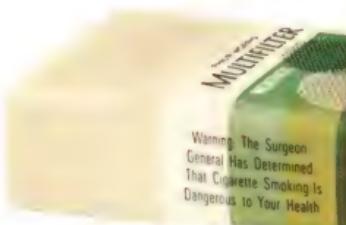
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CREWMAN FROM DOWNED U.S. PHANTOM AT PRESS CONFERENCE IN HANOI
The scale has been reduced, but the bombs still fall.

a month or so ago, the infiltration and the Laotian air war started up again with dry-season intensity. This time, however, the Communists were ready with a vastly improved air-defense setup. The Ho Chi Minh Trail, once a relatively safe run for U.S. pilots, has become a gauntlet of fire that bristles with a variety of antiaircraft weapons. Overlooking the trail from the North Vietnamese border are 22 SAM-2 battalions with more than 130 launchers; their 30-mile-range missiles pose a serious threat to nimble fighters as well as lumbering B-52s.

So of course do the MIUs, which are beginning to venture within sight of U.S. aircraft again; for the past 3½ years, the North Vietnamese pilots have generally avoided combat. The Communist air force, which boasts 165 combat aircraft (including 40 advanced MiG-21s), has not been improved since 1968, when it dropped out of the war after suffering sharp losses against the better-trained U.S. pilots. One theory has it that with the reduction of U.S. air strength, Hanoi's air chiefs have come under pressure to be less timid with their precious planes. Says a military analyst in Saigon: "I can imagine a situation in the North Vietnamese Politburo where the civilians demand of the military, 'Well, you've got the damn things. When the hell are you going to use them?'"

Plucky Army. U.S. commanders need no convincing. Airpower is now considered to have been proved not only effective but essential in military terms, and it continues to have a devastating impact on civilian life in Indochina. Because of new techniques, including low-level "saturation" attacks, the effectiveness of airpow-

er in stopping the flow of supplies down the Ho Chi Minh Trail has risen from a dismal 15% to a remarkable 85% over the past two years. Close air support, moreover, has saved Cambodia's plucky army from disaster in any number of battles.

Even so, it is still true that aircraft alone cannot save a weak fighting force. The Communists proved that again last week when despite fierce U.S. air attacks, they easily brushed Thai and Laotian troops from the strategic Plain of Jars, as they do every year when the monsoon rains subside and the skies clear.

UNITED NATIONS

A Viennese Compromise

At a small, private dinner last October, Austria's Ambassador to the United Nations, Kurt Waldheim, played host to Soviet Ambassador Yakov Malik and George Bush of the U.S. Raising for a toast, Malik ponderously wished Waldheim, who was campaigning hard for the secretary-generalship of the U.N., fulfillment of "all his wishes." That was as close to an open endorsement as any candidate could ask. Last week, on his 53rd birthday, Waldheim got his wish. He was elected over eleven other candidates to succeed the retiring U. Thant.

Waldheim's election was the result of the nuanced realities of big-power politics. The U.S. plainly preferred Finland's energetic Max Jakobson, a former journalist and amateur historian who could give the U.N. the leadership that it lacked under the mer-

curial, vacillating U. Thant. But Jakobson's strong qualities made him unacceptable to the Soviets who "know from experience what a tough Finn is like, and didn't want him," as a State Department official put it last week. The Soviets first tried unsuccessfully to persuade U. Thant, who is suffering from a bleeding ulcer, to stay on. Then they plumped for Waldheim, who is better known for his technical skill and correctness as a diplomat than for his daring.

Early Lead. Since Waldheim was also entirely acceptable to Washington, he took an early lead in the intricate balloting devised for the occasion by the Security Council. In the first round, Jakobson was second, but was stymied by a Soviet veto on the grounds, said the Russians, that their Arab friends would object to the fact that he is Jewish (a contention that the Arabs privately denied). The Soviets also vetoed another contender strongly favored by Washington: Argentina's popular Carlos Ortiz de Rozas, who, like Jakobson, gave every promise of making the most of the job and moreover came from a strongly pro-Western country.

The key vote, as it turned out, was that of the Chinese. Abandoning hope of electing an Asian or African, they voted for Jakobson, whose country had recognized the Peking government as early as 1950. But after two ballots, it became apparent that their vote against Waldheim could frustrate all efforts to come up with a common choice. With fresh instructions from Peking, Ambassador Huang Hua abstained on the next ballot. This was enough to put the Austrian over the top with eleven yes votes and only one undisclosed no—which did

PHOTO: AP/WIDEWORLD



WALDHEIM & WIFE ELISABETH AT HOME
An activist, within limits.

THE WORLD

not come from a veto-wielding power. Next day the General Assembly confirmed Waldheim by acclamation.

Back home in Vienna, no one was very much surprised that Waldheim had reached the peak of an admirably planned career. Son of a school inspector who changed the family name from Waclawik to the socially more acceptable Waldheim, he decided in high school to become a diplomat and set about acquiring the credentials, starting with studies at the Vienna Consular Academy and at Vienna University. During World War II, he fought with the German army on the Russian front until he was wounded in 1942 and sent home, where he completed his law degree. He joined the Austrian foreign service in 1946 and served in a succession of diplomatic posts, including Ambassador to the U.N. from 1965 onward and Foreign Minister from 1968 to 1970. Last April Waldheim ran a gentlemanly campaign for President as candidate of the conservative People's Party, losing with a respectable 47.2% of the vote.

Treading the Line. Given to dark vested suits and subdued maroon ties, Waldheim is the very model of a Continental diplomat. He is immensely skilled in treading the delicate line of Austrian neutrality, and is known as an unusually hard worker. He is also rather autocratic and hot-tempered, and runs his staff with an iron hand. His chief hobby: collecting early 19th century glass. Waldheim's family is picture-perfect for his new public role. His wife Elisabeth ("Sissy") is justly renowned as a diplomatic hostess. Daughter Liselotte, 26, is a pretty U.N. civil servant in Geneva; Son Gerhard, 23, a law student, managed his father's presidential election campaign; and Daughter Christa, 12, attends a French lycée in New York.

Washington expects a smooth, easy relationship with Waldheim, a welcome change from its sometimes stormy quarrels with U Thant. "I am happy that I am not an intellectual half of fire," Waldheim said last week. "I don't think you can solve the U.N.'s problems that way. What the U.N. needs is a quiet approach." Taking over at a time when the U.N. is in deep financial trouble (total debt: \$210 million), the new Secretary-General last week said that he planned to tackle that problem first. He also hinted that there would be drastic changes in organization of the unwieldy 4,000-member headquarters staff. Speaking of the U.N.'s larger ills, he declared that they "are only a mirror of our present political schisms." As a product of those schisms, Waldheim starts his five-year term well equipped to deal realistically with them, and perhaps to become an activist, as he put it last week, "within the limits the Charter sets."

MIDDLE EAST

A Year of Debacle?

An Egyptian sniper with a keen eye and an impulse to start a new war could easily have done so last week. Atop a Suez Canal embankment, only 250 yards from peering Egyptian soldiers across the waterway, stood Israeli Defense Minister Moshe Dayan; Major General David Elazar, the new chief of staff; and a cadre of other ranking officers. On an inspection visit to Israel's Bar-Lev Line, Dayan and his commanders seemed to be almost daring the Egyptians to start something. The remarks of various Israeli leaders during the week suggested that too.



DAYAN & ELAZAR (CENTER) AT SUEZ CANAL WITH ISRAELI GENERALS
The other side appeared to be psyching itself for battle.

"The Arabs would be smart not to put us to the test," the normally mild-mannered Lieut. General Haim Bar-Lev, the retiring chief of staff, told a meeting of Israeli mayors. "We do not now need as many months as during the war of attrition to break them."

Final Hours. Perhaps that boast was on the mind of Egyptian President Anwar Sadat last week as he held a series of strategy meetings in Cairo with visiting Arab leaders and politicians of his own Arab Socialist Union. "The year of decision," which Sadat had called 1971, was fading into its final hours, and he still had not carried out the threatened military moves to recover captured Egyptian territory. More likely, though, Sadat was occupied with Egypt's frustrations in the unproductive diplomatic negotiations for peace. In the latest round, Foreign Minister Mahmoud Riad traveled to the United Nations to seek a General Assembly censure of Israel for aborting the U.N. peace

mission of Swedish Diplomat Gunnar Jarring. In the anti-Israel Assembly, Riad obtained an expectable vote (79-7 with 36 abstentions). But the world publicity that Egypt had hoped for disappeared behind the India-Pakistan War headlines.

In his own way, Sadat has been able to climb out of his "year of decision" corner, without taking any action. Simply because a decision has been made, he now tells visitors, does not mean that it must be implemented immediately. Nevertheless, in talks last week with Syrian President Hafez Assad and Libyan Leader Muammar Gaddafi, Sadat appeared to be psyching himself for an inevitable battle.

The Israelis' confidence that they

can handle any attack seems well founded. Egypt can easily put commandos across the canal by helicopter and assault boat. But they probably could hold only until Israel moved up reserves; the Israelis, moreover, have the capacity to retaliate massively by knocking out Egypt's rebuilt air force and its missile defenses west of the canal. An all-out Israeli assault would surely kill some of Egypt's Russian military advisers. But the Soviets, Washington feels, are not likely to overreact for fear of a U.S. response.

Egypt and Israel, on the other hand, could very well provoke another full-scale war between themselves. Neither seems to want that; even if the Jarring talks get nowhere, both governments are apparently amenable to another round of U.S.-sponsored talks aimed at reopening the Suez Canal. But if peace discussions bog down now, the Middle East's indecisive year of decision could easily be followed by a year of debacle.

ITALY

Belated Best Man

Before they finally chose Giovanni Leone, 63, as President of Italy last week, the nation's "grand electors" had seemed intent upon proving themselves incapable of dealing with politics either simply or logically. As the curious and unseemly squabble over who should get Italy's highest political office dragged on inconclusively for a record 16 days and 23 ballots, one vote was cast for Alighiero Neschese, a television comedian who does a splendid impersonation of Richard Nixon. On another ballot, one elector absent-mindedly dropped a love letter into the green wicker voting urn. Most of the time, there were so many *astenuti*, or abstainers, that the joke went round that the *Onorevole Astenuti* ("the Honorable Mr. Astenuti") was the most promising candidate of all.

While the Italians watched the televised spectacle with mixed feelings of amusement and contempt, the long-deadlocked electors did manage to prove, among other things, that the dominant Christian Democrats are a party only in name. In fact, the name encompasses a loose alliance of fluctuating factions numbering anywhere from nine to twelve. Historically, every time a new Christian Democratic leader has emerged, he has been chewed up by piranha-like subordinates who inexplicably have sought to rise to the top, where they knew that they too would be eaten in turn.

The latest leader-victim was Amintore Fanfani, the party's first candidate for President and a former

THE WORLD

mier (1954, 1958-59, 1960-63). The diminutive Fanfani was able to win only 393 of the Christian Democrats' 423 votes. These would need to be heavily supplemented by votes from other parties in order for him to win a majority of the 630 Deputies, 320 Senators and 58 regional representatives who constituted the electors. After the 19th futile ballot, Fanfani was unceremoniously dumped.

Farical Way. The Christian Democrats' most plausible alternative was Foreign Minister Aldo Moro, who had the support of Premier Emilio Colombo—a centrist Christian Democrat—some rightists and two of the strongest left-wing factions. No one doubted that Moro could have easily been elected, because he was acceptable to the 259 Communists as well as the 105 Socialists. But he was wholly unacceptable to other Christian Democratic factions, most notably the followers of Fanfani. Instead, the party settled on another former Premier: Leone. There was a measure of justice in the choice: Leone had lost in the 1964 presidential election largely because of Fanfani's opposition. At the time, he had complained that the balloting process was akin to "Chinese torture," but now he agreed to undergo that torture again, though he declined to campaign or to treat the exercise with great seriousness.

On his first ballot as candidate, and the 22nd of the election, Leone polled 503 votes, just one short of a majority. The candidate of the Marxists, Old Socialist Pietro Nenni, ran a poor second, with 408 votes. Next day, Leone finally made it with 518 votes—and without the support of the Communists, who had desperately wanted to be kingmakers. After a deadlock that left some Italians wondering whether their country was really ready for democracy, Italy at last had a President.

As sometimes happens in Italian politics, the electors, in a farcically roundabout way, had chosen the best man. Warm, witty and engaging, Leone is respected for his probity by the leftist parties as well as by most Christian Democrats. Born in Naples, he is one of the country's finest criminal lawyers and has written more than 100 books on jurisprudence. He served as a caretaker Premier twice, and was an impartial president of the Chamber of Deputies for eight years. In 1967, he was appointed Senator for life. Beyond Leone's personal qualifications for the job, there was one other reason why many Italians were ready to forgive the Deputies for their indecision and rejoice in the final selection. That was Vittoria Leone, 42, a radiant beauty, who as the new hostess of the Palazzo del Quirinale will rival—and, said some, perhaps overshadow—Madame Claude Pompidou of France as the most beautiful of Europe's first ladies.



PILOT BEZAK BEFORE ESCAPE

CZECHOSLOVAKIA

A Do-It-Yourself Escape

As a former world stunt-flying champion, Ladislav Bezak, 39, had two advantages possessed by few other defection-bound citizens of Czechoslovakia: he is a licensed pilot and he owns a small, single-engine monoplane called the Zlin-226, which he and a friend had built from do-it-yourself plans and spare parts. He also had a couple of formidable problems: how to fit his four young sons, his wife and himself into an aircraft designed for two, and how to reach the West German border 75 miles away without being shot down by the Czechoslovak air force.

The first problem dissolved after he built a mock-up of the Zlin's front seat (the pilot sits in the rear) and found that his family could just fit in. Last week he packed them all into the aircraft for the first time and tried to take off from a meadow near Prague. The overloaded Zlin did not even get off the ground. Undaunted, Bezak bravely tried again from the airport, where the runway offered a longer take-off stretch. The little plane finally wobbled into the air and Bezak circled the airfield a couple of times as if he were on a Sunday excursion. He flew first toward East Germany to allay suspicion, and then headed toward West Germany at the Zlin's maximum speed of 150 m.p.h.

Within minutes, a 740 m.p.h. Czechoslovakian fighter MiG 17 was on his tail. When the pilot fired a poorly aimed cannon burst, Bezak turned and put the Zlin into a steep 4,000-ft. dive. As G forces slapped his sons against the cockpit canopy, his wife



LEONE AS PREMIER-DESIGNATE (1968)
Undergoing Chinese torture.

THE WORLD

Marie, 27, shouted, "It's all up! We'd better go back." Instead, Bezak watched as the MiG frantically circled to make another firing run, and banked the plane as if he were obeying the air force pilot's unmistakable signal to return. Suddenly, Bezak turned again and slipped into a cloud.

Out of sight of the MiG, Bezak hedgehopped across the countryside at an altitude of 400 ft. About 20 minutes later, he crossed the border safely near Nuremberg. On the ground, Bezak told reporters that he hoped to find work as a commercial pilot. Meantime, a West German magazine bought the first-person story of his escape for \$2,100, giving his family a modest stake with which to begin their new life in the West.

IRELAND

War of Attrition

Prime Minister John Lynch last week carried through with his promise to crack down on Irish Republican Army terrorists in Eire. He ordered home the bulk of Ireland's 391-man

Bundoran threw up barricades blocking traffic and attempted to break into the courthouse after the hearing. Gangs of youths in Ballyshannon stoned the *gardai* (police), and more than 100 additional police had to be brought in to deal with at least 500 protesters. With more arrests expected, the I.R.A. Provisionals charged that Lynch "has acted under British pressure" and warned that they would put up "strong resistance" to any further "collaboration."

Morale Boost. Last week Irish papers predicted that Britain was about to set up a new Cabinet-level Ministry for Northern Ireland that would transfer security power from Stormont (the seat of the Northern Ireland government) to Westminster. The plan was categorically denied by the London government. Downing Street, however, allowed that a wide range of policy alternatives have been considered by British Prime Minister Edward Heath, who made a surprise one-day trip to Ulster. It was the first visit by a British Prime Minister since 1964, and was apparently designed as a morale boost for the 14,000 British troops there. "I have come to thank

of the two Irelands through guerrilla warfare. On Monday morning alone, a dozen explosions ripped Belfast. Among the damaged targets were the city's best hotel (the Conway), a clothing factory, a furniture store, a supermarket, an antique shop, an insurance office, a railway station and a television-rental company. Next day bombs blasted two pubs, a laundry and a bicycle store.

In addition, four I.R.A. terrorists were killed: three of them were blown to pieces when a bomb they were transporting exploded in their car near the town of Magherafelt, northwest of Belfast.

Despite all the attacks, the I.R.A. could not live up to its threat to bring Belfast to a standstill by Christmas. And these days, Ulster is thankful for such small mercies.

AFRICA

Three Fallen Rulers

Even in exile, a deposed political leader is often a potential danger to the government that overthrew him. In Africa today, however, that danger seems to be more theoretical than real. Three well-known former leaders are currently at large, and for differing reasons, none has a hope of going home again. One is dying, reports TIME Correspondent John Blashill; another is in hiding, and a third lives in enforced silence.

► Ghana's ex-dictator Kwame Nkrumah, 62, has lived in neighboring Guinea—of which he is officially "co-President"—since his overthrow in 1966. He is now apparently succumbing to cancer, probably in a hospital in Conakry, the Guinean capital.

► Former President A. Milton Obote of Uganda, who was offered sanctuary by the Tanzanian government after he was deposed in an army coup last January, has totally disappeared from public sight. The apparent and plausible reason: Uganda's military ruler, General Idi Amin, has offered a reward of \$143,000 to anyone who can bring Obote back to Uganda alive.

► General Odumegwu Ojukwu, leader of the ill-fated Biafran secession, is living in the isolated Ivory Coast bush town of Yamoussoukro. His stay in the Ivory Coast, however, is tenuous. He has already been ordered to leave the country once, for breaking the terms of sanctuary by granting a press interview, but the order was quietly suspended.

Back home in Biafra (now known as the East Central State of Nigeria), Ojukwu still has some admirers among the Ibo tribesmen, who tell each other, "Agaracha-a ga nata [The wanderer will return]." But they know he will not. Ojukwu, a man without a country, is also in danger of becoming an exile without a refuge.



I.R.A. SYMPATHIZERS CONFRONTING POLICE IN BALLYSHANNON BRAWL

An increase in violence against "soft targets."

military force from U.N. peace-keeping duties in Cyprus to bolster patrols trying to prevent the I.R.A. from slipping back and forth across the Ulster border. Irish police arrested three I.R.A. suspects, on charges of illegally possessing arms and ammunition, at their homes in Bundoran, a favorite frontier sanctuary of gunmen. One of them was Joseph O'Neill, a prominent I.R.A. political leader.

The response to the arrests was a series of fierce riots of I.R.A. sympathizers in Bundoran and nearby Ballyshannon. The protesters in Bun-

you," said Heath to soldiers on duty at fortified positions in Londonderry, "for your high standard of service in trying to uphold law-and-order under very difficult circumstances."

In fact, the army has been waging its slow war of attrition against the terrorists and has curtailed the I.R.A.'s ability to attack military or police targets. Nonetheless, violence against "soft targets"—meaning stores, pubs and the like—has been on the increase. Christmas week turned out to be merely another grim episode in the I.R.A.'s attempt to force unity

PEOPLE



SOLZHENITSYN AT GRAVESIDE
A silent witness.

Russian Poet and Editor Alexander Tvardovsky had died of a stroke at 61. The Soviet Writers Union did its best to keep his funeral quiet, but Nobel-prizewinning Novelist **Alexander Solzhenitsyn**, 53, whose novels (*The Cancer Ward*, *The First Circle*) have been banned in his homeland, made his first public appearance in several years to honor the man who had published his anti-Stalinist novel. *One Day in the Life of Ivan Denisovich*. Solzhenitsyn did not speak, but his simple presence made Tvardovsky's funeral a testimony for cultural freedom. Earlier, Solzhenitsyn offered more outspoken testimony in the same cause. In a letter to Dr. Karl Gierow, permanent secretary of the Swedish Academy, he sarcastically offered his own apartment as a setting for the presentation of his Nobel medal. If the Swedish embassy was still unavailable, he said, he would be happy to deliver his Nobel lecture at home. It would be a cultural event "uniting our peoples."

"They're absolutely hideous!" exclaimed First Lady **Patricia Nixon**, staring at the transparent plastic covers that had been placed on the new draperies in the White House Red Room. But the tourists traipsing through can't resist feeling the rich silk with their dirty fingers, explained an aide: the curtains would be ruined in short order. "I don't care," said Pat. "I want this house to look like my home, and I wouldn't put plastic up in my home to protect it from visitors. If necessary, I'll just have to raise the money again to replace them."

Not many Communists with 20 jail terms behind them have the President of the Republic turn out to do them honor. **David Alfaro Siqueiros**, however, was taking it all in stride. The occasion was the Mexico City opening of Polyforum, a culture center 2,735 yards long, for which the 75-year-old Siqueiros has created the architecture, engineering, painting and sculpture. "It is an atheist temple," said he. "It is not to adore God but to adore man." Nevertheless, among the encomiums came a cable from the Vatican, wishing "that your artistic message in favor of peace, justice, hope, brotherhood inspire the realization of these high human and Christian ideals."

Two a.m.—and a shadowy figure stalks in a doorway of the official Canberra residence of Australian Prime Minister **William McMahon**. Challenges, shots, anticlimaxes. The intruder gets away, the fuse in the Molotov cocktail he planted is blown out by the wind, and the P.M. and his pretty wife **Sonia** weren't there anyway. But Commonwealth police say that this is the third such bombing attempt by a group of right-wing extremists. Nothing to do but increase the guard at the McMahons.

Uneasy lies the tawny head of Brazilian Beauty Queen **Lúcia Petterle**, 22, crowned Miss World in London last month. A cold blast from Mecca Ltd., the Miss World organization, accused Lúcia of "wild outbursts" and of failure to sign the usual one-year con-



MISS WORLD AT CORONATION
An uneasy head.

tract with Mecca, worth at least \$75,000 in personal appearances and endorsements. Lúcia pleaded that she was finishing up some modeling obligations. To take her mind off all this hassling, the third-year medical student sailed into eight final exams.

"Maybe I need a son to even things up, because I'm out of shape," said **Muhammad Ali** when his twin daughters were born 16 months ago—making three girls for the Alis. But even females can help out with the roadwork, as Jamillah and Reeshemah discovered in Zurich, Switzerland, where the ex-champ was training for his Boxing Day exhibition match with West German Heavyweight Jürgen Blin.

The program of Playwright **Robert Shaw's Cato Street** in London credited Actress **Vanessa Redgrave** with cutting the play from four hours to 2½. In her setup for her role of Susan Thistlewood—a radical conspirator of 1820—Miss Redgrave looked capable of cutting just about anything she set her hand to. In any case, *Cato Street* ended its run, leaving Redgrave watchers with nothing but a memorable pinup.

VANESSA AT THEATER



ALI AT ROADWORK



EDUCATION

Sober Chaos

During the heyday of "progressive" education in the 1930s, a celebrated cartoon showed a young pupil plaintively asking the teacher: "Do we have to do what we want again today?"

Such jokes may soon be back in style, for much of progressive education has been revived in the current movement toward "informal" education in "open" classrooms. Once again it threatens to become a fad. In hundreds of tiny private "free" schools and in public classrooms in nearly every state, the fixed rows of desks and the fixed weekly lessons have been abandoned. Instead, children roam from one study project to another, theoretically following their native curiosity and learning at their own uneven rates. But even the supporters of "informal education" are beginning to fear that many schools are adopting the new methods without making teachers apply them systematically. Dropping conventional constraints makes teaching "absolutely more difficult," says Lillian Weber, associate professor of education at the City College of New York. "You can't just stand there and wait for magic to happen."

Dewey's Heirs. A stocky, forceful divorcee who looks a bit like a traditional schoolmarm, Mrs. Weber, 54, is emerging as one of the nation's most thoughtful advocates of making informal education intellectually demanding. By now she has trained some 100 teachers who are using informal techniques with about 2,700 kindergarten-through-fourth-graders in New York City public schools; she also has a Ford Foundation grant to train ten consul-

tants to spread her methods. She has put her studies of similar British experiments into an expert new book, *The English Infant School and Informal Education* (Prentice-Hall; \$4.95).

Informal education, which still seems radical to regulation-loving school administrators, derives from insights into learning that go back to Montessori and Dewey, and have since been confirmed by psychologists like Jean Piaget. For older children as well as preschoolers, says Mrs. Weber, "the most intense form of learning is the child's learning through play and the experiences he seeks out for himself."

Gerbil Cages. Weber-style classes overflow into nearby corridors with an abundance of playthings that teachers in regular classrooms use only sparingly. There are cages of gerbils, collections of shells and leaves, art corners, carpeted areas where children can sprawl while they read. To encourage math and science, there is more than the usual amount of measuring equipment, from tape measures to stop watches. To encourage reading and writing, most of the materials have "activity cards" posing questions. Near a science hook lying on a second-grade windowsill, for instance, the card asks: "Do you think our tree is a red maple tree? Look at the leaf on page 11 and sign your name under yes or no." Despite the appearance of chaos, "the structure is far from haphazard," Mrs. Weber says. "It comes from what you decide to put in the classroom and how it's laid out."

Mrs. Weber herself studied philosophy and sociology at the University of Virginia, shifted to teaching in nursery schools and before long was di-

recting a cooperative school in New York. She began demonstrating some of her ideas in a public elementary school in 1968. A natural teacher, she soon captivated the restless children with her improvisations. Example: to demonstrate a principle of weights and measures, she borrowed a baby from a visiting mother and had the children weigh it.

Pumpkin Play. Mrs. Weber's chief importance nowadays is as a teacher of teachers. In her workshops, she hacks up pumpkins and blows on pinwheels and encourages her students to do the same, so they can learn what many find surprisingly difficult—to see "with the child's eyes." She then offers a childish question and asks them to imagine how a child might pursue it. In one workshop, for instance, the problem was: "How many questions can you think up about feet?" The answers from the student teachers ranged from counting toes to evolution.

Since informal methods free teachers from lecturing most of the time, Mrs. Weber wants them to become, in effect, individual tutors. They must observe carefully what attracts each child and then guide him to "extend" his curiosity into systematic knowledge. But the child must not be allowed to drift. Since children in informal classrooms do not all cover the same subjects, Mrs. Weber believes they should compare experiences in group discussions. The teacher should keep a diary on the progress of each child.

Costs v. Gains. One problem with the method is that in large classes it requires teachers' aides, and many school systems cannot afford them. In New York City, recent staff cuts have forced some informal teachers to concentrate on keeping unruly children from interrupting, and to neglect unsavory children. But the method does bring results. After three years of open classrooms, third-graders at P.S. 144 were among the few in Harlem reading up to national standards. More important, the children show qualities that tests cannot measure: self-discipline and eagerness to work on their own.

Despite such results, the open classroom is still widely opposed. "Some teachers will never be comfortable with informal education," concedes Mrs. Weber. But far from trying to coerce the traditionalists, Mrs. Weber opposes the cyclical upheaval of educational revolution and counter-revolution. What she wants, she says, are "small changes that will last."

The Age of Reason

A thought for this week, from Yale Physicist D. Allan Bromley: "Anti-science, or anti-intellectual activity is much more widespread than even a few years ago. There are ten times as many American college students enrolled in astrology courses as in astrophysics courses."



LILLIAN WEBER & GERBIL AT WORK IN NEW YORK OPEN CLASSROOM
"You can't just stand there and wait for magic to happen."

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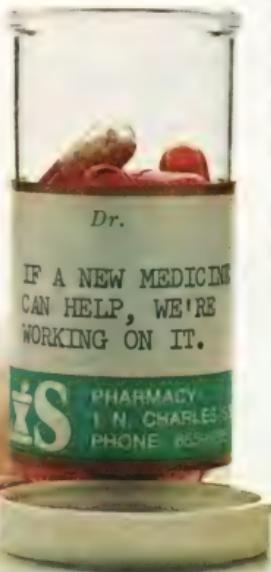
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NORTHWEST ORIENT 



KAZOO-PLAYING ACTORS PORTRAY REBORN INNOCENCE AT ST. CLEMENT'S

Baptism by Theater

In the Hell's Kitchen neighborhood of Manhattan, 250 worshipers filed into St. Clement's Episcopal Church last week for what was billed as an environmental theater baptism service. Inside, they were led into a dark room. Fixed to the walls were the haunting images of the '60s: photos of the Kennedy brothers and Martin Luther King, front pages with dread black headlines. Further on, in an open bathroom, a young man in a towel was shaving, singing *We Shall Overcome*. Hippie-esque youngsters extended open hands with greetings of "love." The worshippers got a surprise along with the handshake: a handful of mud.

In the sanctuary upstairs, the show went on. At one end, three nude young people splashed happily in a kiddie plastic wading pool. At the other end, Actor Kevin O'Connor (*Tom Paine*) performed the bathtub scene from Sam Shepard's play *Chicago*, a scene of despair and rebirth. At a sink, two housewives talked about which detergent was purest.

Rebirth Theme. Then the action subsided, the bathers put on modest white gowns and the central event came into focus: the baptism of three new members of the congregation—a Jewish student in his 20s, a young woman dancer and a three-year-old black-and-Puerto Rican boy adopted by a white family. As incense billowed up toward the rafters, the Rev. Eugene Monick, 42, intoned: "Do you renounce the devil and all his works, the vain pomp and glory of the world . . . and the sinful desires of the flesh . . . ?" Then he cupped water onto the forehead of each of the baptismal candidates and daubed them with Magic Marker in the sign of the cross. Afterward the congregation hoisted the newly baptized onto their shoulders and paraded around the room.

For Vicar Monick, baptism is a sacrament of rebirth that profits not only the newly baptized, but those "on the far side of Christ" who have seen their hopes crushed—as in the upheaval and violence of the '60s—and need their faith reaffirmed. To express all this symbolically through environmental theater, Monick worked for two months with the event's directors, Kevin O'Connor, a Roman Catholic, and Gordon Stewart, a Presbyterian. One nice touch they devised to dramatize the rebirth theme: during the baptism, members of the cast circulated among the worshippers washing the mud from their hands. Monick also devoted five Sunday services to explanations that would prepare his congregation for the event.

Juicy Imagery. Not that such provocative liturgies are new at St. Clement's. Once a poorly attended High Church bastion, it took on new life in the 1960s under a priest named Sidney Lanier, who suggested turning it into an actors' church and using the sanctuary for weekday performances of the off-Broadway American Place Theater. The American Place troupe now has new quarters, but Monick, Lanier's successor, has continued St. Clement's involvement with the theater. In a 1969 experiment, Monick and Playwright Tom LaBar prepared an environmental Eucharist, a day-long service in which parishioners were taken one by one through rooms depicting each episode of the Mass.

Tradition still has its place at St. Clement's too. Although the U.S. Episcopal Church recently issued a book of "trial" services for testing in parishes, Monick rejected the trial baptism text in favor of the standard one in the Book of Common Prayer, with its rolling Elizabethan phrases. The new service, says Monick, "is too flat. It doesn't have all that juicy imagery about forsaking the devil."

THE PRESS

THE JOURNAL COMPANY

Ouster at the U.N.

Grayer heads at the United Nations recall that a woman once lost her press credentials for practicing prostitution and a male correspondent was barred for slugging one of the delegates. Otherwise, U.N. accreditation has never been a problem for newsmen. A 1946 resolution stipulates that "the press and other existing agencies of information be given the fullest direct access"—language so broad it could cover not only news organizations but propaganda groups as well. Last week, however, the U.N. press corps was in an uproar over the ouster of two veteran correspondents of Taiwan's government-subsidized Central News Agency, obviously at the insistence of Peking's delegation.

C.N.A.'s Tang Teh-cheh, 62, had held U.N. accreditation since its founding in 1945, and Lin Chen-chi, 54, arrived nine years later. Under a directive personally approved by Secretary-General U Thant, both were told without warning a fortnight ago to turn in their press passes. They had to be excluded, Thant decided, because C.N.A. was a "government agency," and the government of Taiwan had been expelled from the U.N. and many of its affiliated organizations. The rationale was plainly political and discriminatory. The East German news agency is also government controlled, and its correspondents are allowed full standing at the U.N. though East Germany is not a member.

Power Politics. Thant's order came shortly after he had hosted a luncheon for Peking's U.N. delegation. Somewhere between the smoked fish

and the star-shaped scallion pancakes he was evidently persuaded to bar the C.N.A. correspondents so that Yeh Chih-hsiung of Peking's official Hsin-hua agency could cover the U.N. with a clear conscience. Peking does not want its reporters taking part in organizations that allow Taiwanese participation. In Ottawa, Hsin-hua has refused to join the Parliamentary Press Gallery because its members will not expel the C.N.A. man.

Lin and Tang also enjoy their colleagues' support, but so far it has done them little good. "This is naked power politics," said Tang. "The Communists brought pressure on Thant, who is Burmese. The Burmese have a saying that when China sneezes they fear a flood. Thant is retiring with a fat pension, and this is his final favor for Burma and Red China."

Arbitrary Step. Louis Foy of Agence France Presse, president of the 243-member United Nations Correspondents Association, maintained that any correspondent of "an established news organization—whatever its name, structure or affiliation and whether its home country is a member of the U.N. or not—is entitled to be accredited, regardless of political considerations, as long as he maintains a professional status." President-elect Warren Rogers, of the National Press Club in Washington, wrote Thant that he was "astonished at this arbitrary, unjust and admittedly politically motivated step."

The protests will probably prove fruitless. The exclusion was a victory for Kao Liang, 47, the smiling public relations chief of Peking's delegation, who was once a Hsin-hua correspondent himself. Kao has firsthand knowledge of how it feels to have credentials lifted. Long rumored to be more of an intelligence operative than a reporter (TIME, Nov. 22), Kao lost his accreditation to India in 1960 because of "biased reporting." Not surprisingly, he scooped Western correspondents by a full 48 hours on a pro-Peking coup in Zanzibar in 1964. A year later, while still nominally a newsman, he was expelled from the Central African kingdom of Burundi along with Peking's entire embassy staff.

Duel in Milwaukee

Spats between columnists and newspaper editors over altered copy have been known to grow bitter, but when the writer is a popular mayor and the paper is the main tentacle of what he calls a "political communications octopus," the fight can take strange turns. Milwaukee Mayor Henry Maier claimed to be so incensed over some fiddling with his column in the afternoon *Journal* that he canceled the weekly series and announced that



MAYOR MAIER COMPLAINING
Reckless reporting?

he would no longer entertain press-conference questions from any representatives of the Journal Co. That includes the only other major newspaper in town, the morning *Sentinel*, and the WTMJ radio-TV stations.

The incident was the latest skirmish in a long war. Maier was unhappy with local coverage of the 1967 Milwaukee riots and the sympathetic press given Father James Groppi, who led street demonstrations in favor of an open-housing law. The mayor rarely misses an opportunity to belabor the Journal Co.'s monopoly, and he once tried to instigate a federal antitrust suit against the company.

Fifteen months ago, Richard Leonard, in the interest of fairness, offered the mayor a regular column, "Feel free." Leonard wrote, "to state your feelings toward monopolistic practices in the mass media." Maier accepted, and the column appeared as written until Maier decided to answer a December article by Joel McNally, a *Journal* city hall reporter. "Fiction has its place," Maier wrote, "but not in public affairs. Time after time, city officials have unsnarled public issues thoughtlessly and carelessly tangled by false and reckless reporting."

The *Journal* printed the column—minus the offensive lines—and explained rather lamely that it had been concerned about libel charges. "The *Journal* couldn't keep the faith," reported the mayor. The incident, he went on, "illustrates how channels of communication in a monopolistic situation are so clogged by the monopoly that the public is denied access to a free flow of truth." In announcing that he would be deaf to Journal Co. reporters, Maier was perhaps listening to the voice of political experience. He was re-elected overwhelmingly in 1968 after dueling with the press, and the next election is April 4.



CORRESPONDENT LIN LEAVING
Plainly political?

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MODERN LIVING



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Frozen Assets

Some bank. The handbook is called *The Semen Depositor's Handbook*. Along with it comes a brown glass bottle, for deposits. "No appointment is necessary," says the handbook, adding, in capital letters, that "IT IS IMPORTANT THAT THE EJACULATE SHOULD NOT BE OVER TWO HOURS OLD." Home collection, the booklet notes, is preferred, but the bank also maintains its own ejaculatorium in Manhattan (with, as Executive Vice President Dr. Jerome A. Silbert notes, "various levels of erotica to assist"). What do the bankers do with the deposits? They freeze them. Frozen assets, as it were.

Frozen sperm have been used on a limited scale for 18 years; during that period they have been responsible for more than 400 babies. But only recently have sperm banks been available to the general public. One of the first was Genetic Laboratories Inc. in Minneapolis, with a branch office in Manhattan. The newest and most modern facility is Idant, also in Manhattan, which began collections this month. So far there have been more than 1,000 deposits in the new commercial vaults, and only a few withdrawals.

Stored Family. Why sperm banks? The majority of depositors are fathers who are about to have vasectomies because at present they want no more children. Should they change their minds, their frozen sperm will be available. Other customers are men concerned about involuntary sterilization such as surgical patients and men who must work near radiation-producing equipment.

There are still other categories: anonymous donors whose sperm will be used for artificially inseminating

women who cannot otherwise become pregnant, and would-be fathers whose semen will be consolidated in an attempt to raise their sperm count to a level high enough to cause pregnancy. And there are also a few simple eccentrics—like the Midwestern grandfather who has stored his seed

against the possibility that his only son might prove infertile and thus not carry on the family line.

At Idant each deposit is carefully analyzed and a sampling of the sperm counted in an electronic device to establish the semen's degree of fertility. The semen is then stored in thin plastic "straws," labeled, placed within a cigar-shaped aluminum container and chilled to -321 F. in liquid nitrogen. Sperm banks are inordinately careful to guard against unauthorized use of their resources. Donors are blood-typed, for instance, because certain substances are common to both individual sperm and blood and thus serve to identify "ownership" of the substance.

There are also other precautions. There is a 45-day waiting period, for example, before sperm can be withdrawn from the bank—long enough to prevent an already pregnant woman from using artificial insemination as a cover-up for an illegitimate baby. That waiting period does not apply, however, to a man who wishes his sperm destroyed: that can be done immediately. The *Depositor's Handbook* guarantees. The same swift fate awaits the ejaculate of a man who fails to keep up his support payments: in Manhattan those payments amount to \$18 a year, after the initial deposit fee of \$80.

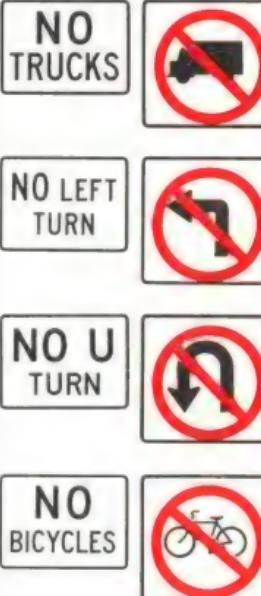
Caution: New Signs

STOP. KEEP RIGHT. NO U-TURN. The signs along U.S. highways seem to speak in a stern and unalterable language of command. But the fact is that they are constantly subject to testing and revision; and now, after more than six years of psychological and engineering research, the U.S. Department of Transportation is unveiling a whole new set of them. Some of the new signs are already up, but three years will pass before all of them are installed.

The basic idea is to make traffic signs pictorial rather than just verbal. Drivers react more quickly to pictures than to words.

So the U.S. highway is now acquiring such symbols as the skidding car, the bicycle and the diagonal slash that means "Don't." In addition, the new signs use a color code: red to prohibit, yellow to warn, green to permit movement, blue for highway services, brown for scenic suggestions. Shapes, too, are being standardized: a pennant for no passing, a circle for railroad crossings, a diamond for potential hazards.

All of this says the Transportation Department, gives the driver a valuable "redundancy of message." But since it will take him some time to get used to all the new symbols, many local authorities plan to keep the old signs beside the new for at least a year. Redundancy plus, you might say.

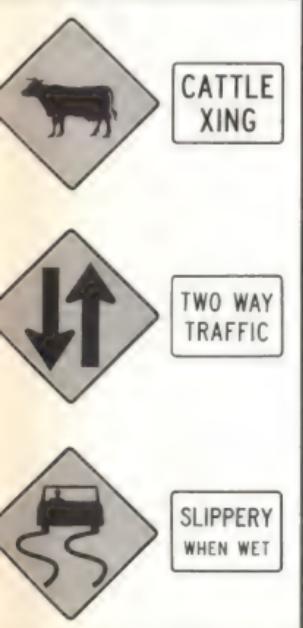


The Strict Sensor

In most parts of the world, people have little use for alcoholic breath, but the Japanese have dreamed up a way to make it stop a car. Troubled by the steady increase in the number of drunken Japanese drivers and the traffic deaths they cause (1,200 last year), a Honda Motor Co. Ltd. engineer named Kazutaka Monden has developed a puritanical gimmick called the Sniffer that shuts off a car's engine when it detects alcoholic breath.

Installed at the top of the steering column, the Sniffer consists primarily of a thumbnail-sized gas sensor. Whenever the presence of a potentially combustible gas closes the circuit between a pair of tiny electrodes, a yellow panel light flashes. This indicates that the Sniffer has been offended and will cut the ignition in ten seconds—just enough time, its inventor calculates, to allow the motorist to pull off the road.

Before it becomes standard equipment, however, it will have to become more discriminating. It is so sensitive that even when a sober companion shifts a drunken driver to the back seat, it refuses to allow the motor to start; it can still sniff the drunk's breath. Still more embarrassing was the Sniffer's recent refusal to allow a sober woman to drive. The mechanism found her perfume intoxicating.



ENVIRONMENT

Ruckelshaus' First Year

"You're the enforcer." President Nixon told William D. Ruckelshaus when he swore him in as the Environmental Protection Agency's first administrator. As an afterthought, he added: "You're going to be called a lot worse."

Surprisingly, after a full year in office, Ruckelshaus, 39, has not been called anything a lot worse. Environmentalists generally praise the big, bespectacled ex-Justice Department lawyer as Nixon's best appointment. Even businessmen temper their complaints. In Washington, one good-humoredly introduced Ruckelshaus (who comes from a long line of Indiana Republicans) as "the greatest friend of American industry since Karl Marx." The consensus is that he has been aggressive but fair.

Visible Violators. The aggressive part was quickly established—even though his personal style is amiable. When the EPA was just a week old, Ruckelshaus startled the mayors of Atlanta, Detroit and Cleveland by giving them 180 days to come up with a plan to correct water-quality violations—or else. In ensuing months, he ordered action taken against some 185 other water polluters, including Armcro Steel, U.S. Steel, Koppers, U.S. Plywood-Champion, ITT Rayonier and a host of municipalities. The agency recently broke all precedent by getting a federal court order forcing 23 plants in Birmingham to cut back on production during a five-day temperature inversion that was creating dangerous air pollution. Mercury discharges, thermal pollution, auto emissions—under Ruckelshaus' direction EPA has demanded (and got) action to help curb them all. EPA's general policy, Ruckelshaus told TIME Correspondent Sam Iker, is "to single out violators with the greatest visibility in order to get the message across."

Ruckelshaus has not hesitated to dispute other federal agencies' plans when they concern the environment. EPA opposed one of the Bureau of Reclamation's dam-building projects, the Interior Department's tentative approval of the trans-Alaska pipeline and, reportedly, the Atomic Energy Commission's nuclear test at Amchitka. As a result of such actions, Ruckelshaus has been called "the loneliest man in Washington." He shrugs: "In a job like this, you're bound to ruffle some feathers."

Heavy Pressure. What makes his accomplishments even more impressive is the fact that EPA began as one of the most fragmented and confused bureaucracies in Washington—"a mess" is Ruckelshaus' word for

it. It was supposed to amalgamate the functions of some 15 federal bodies with environmental responsibilities (air and water quality, pesticide tolerance, radiation). Some employees changed offices and telephone numbers more times than a harassed boogie. Ruckelshaus, charged with responsibility for an area of enormous voter concern, was under heavy pressure to produce instant results. It was, he recalls, "like trying to run a 100-yd. dash while undergoing an appendectomy."

He is proud that EPA is now developing a sense of cohesion and mission. Morale in the field, low in the beginning, has noticeably improved, especially in the enforcement area. A number of major programs, like ap-



RUCKELSHAUSS
Aggressive but fair.

proval of permits for cities and industries to discharge effluents into U.S. waterways, are finally starting to be implemented. Ruckelshaus also points out that EPA is overseeing a vast public works effort, doling out \$2 billion a year to help localities build sewage treatment facilities.

Flip-Flop. Even so, Ruckelshaus' record is not unblemished. Take phosphate detergents. Last winter, he viewed them with alarm, arguing that the detergents could foul fresh water supplies. This fall, he seemed to join the Surgeon General and other prominent officials in backing their use. What he really meant, Ruckelshaus explains, is that caustic substitutes pose health hazards in households with small children; in all other homes, detergents with low (or no) phosphate content should be used. Still,

ENVIRONMENT

his apparent flip-flop hurt EPA's credibility in the eyes of the public.

Persistent pesticides have been another problem. Federal courts have twice asked Ruckelshaus to consider halting the sale of DDT, and a panel of independent scientists recommended that the chemicals be phased out as soon as possible. While Ruckelshaus has limited the use of some forms of pesticides, he has committed himself to no final action on DDT pending the completion of exhaustive public hearings on whether to ban it. "It's vital that the decisions are taken in the open," he insists. "The public simply must believe that the decisions are taken to protect public health."

Public health is the key consideration in many of the laws that Ruckelshaus must enforce. But if it is not the only standard; the FPA also has to take into account what one official directive terms "socioeconomic considerations." This broad mandate causes some environmentalists to fear that the EPA's role may be weakened by the Nixon Administration, whose first priority is clearly to stimulate the sluggish economy. Conservationists are thus keenly watching Ruckelshaus' every move—particularly in the enforcement of Senator Edmund Muskie's Clean Air Act—to spot any laxity. Another test: EPA's attitude toward Muskie's tough water bill now before Congress.

Ardent environmentalist though he is, Ruckelshaus is also a realist—and an unwavering Nixon supporter. So he will go along with such a balancing of all the priorities without sacrificing the environment. Ruckelshaus believes EPA has already laid the foundations for "a dramatic improvement in air and water quality within the next four or five years. The momentum is there." Indeed, his ostensible political opponents do not disagree—not even Muskie, who considers himself the original Mr. Clean of the environment. Says one of the Senator's top advisers: "Ruckelshaus would be the first holdover of a Muskie Administration."

Monster Mast

Paris has its Eiffel Tower. New York has the Empire State Building. Chicago the soaring John Hancock Center. And San Francisco? It now seems that the dominant structure in that sculptural city of steep slopes and sharp profiles will be a gigantic television antenna. Rising from the top of residential Mt. Sutro in the geographic center of town, it will bestride the narrow city like a clumsy metal Colossus, standing a full 1,811 feet above sea level. To signal its presence to low-flying planes, it will wear gaudy red and white stripes studded with seven rows of 1,000-watt beacons. If it is built as planned,

San Franciscans, ever jealous of their city's visual charm, have defeated other blighting projects before, most recently a proposed 40-story U.S. Steel building on the waterfront. They are now rousing themselves to oppose the antenna, most particularly a group of local law students who are trying to halt the construction in court. In their poignant description, the mast will be "a giant thumb in the eye of San Francisco."

What especially galls critics is the fact that when the tower was first proposed at a poorly attended public hearing in 1966, its promoters showed drawings that looked much like Seattle's graceful, almost sculptural "space needle." Thereafter, its sponsors, which by then included ABC, Westinghouse and the owners of a local newspaper, made changes that were intended to im-



TV ANTENNA OVER SAN FRANCISCO
Thumb in the eye.

prove TV reception—but ended in making the structure considerably uglier. These alterations were given little publicity. But last September, when the antenna's three straddle legs began to be built, the enormity of its visual insult to the city's topography became all too apparent.

The tower will probably be cited as a textbook example of bad urban design," says Allan Jacobs, director of the San Francisco Planning Department, who has never had any veto power over the antenna project. As he sees it, huge TV masts should be located outside cities. Most other critics would at this late date settle for a return to the original, or, indeed, any less offensive, design. The builders' response: the antenna is in the best location and has the best design to give people the best TV reception. Either way, it seems that the Golden City will soon have a new look.

An Ordinary Bloke

In 1969, when they were named heirs designate to the artistic direction of London's Royal Opera at Covent Garden, Conductor Colin Davis and Director Peter Hall announced that they planned "to turn the opera house upside down." By this fall, when their appointments were to take effect, what had been turned upside down was their plans. Hall had pulled out of the partnership on short notice, having decided that the opera would take too much time from his film and stage commitments. Davis was left to carry on alone, with no intention of finding another partner. "When you have been to the altar and the bridegroom doesn't turn up," he said grimly, "you don't run into marriage again in a hurry."

Now, in his first new production since taking over, Davis has presented Mozart's *The Marriage of Figaro* and shown that he can do very well at the altar by himself. The production—attractively staged, dramatically paced—has delighted everybody: audiences, critics and—through Davis' simultaneously released Philips recording—listeners on both sides of the Atlantic. Davis suits tempo to text and voice to orchestral volume in a way that captivally illuminates the twin ingredients that make Mozart's music the miracle that it is—the hushed fury at its core, the tripping joy at its surface.

Back to Rep. The new *Figaro* is doubly significant as a sign of things to come at Covent Garden. Davis hopes to return the house somewhat to its original conception of a resident repertory company by drawing on a "really good" new generation of British-trained singers. *Figaro*, for example, boasts several comparative youngsters who had never sung important roles at Covent Garden before the Davis regime (among them Tenor Robert Tear and pearly voiced Soprano Kiri Te Kanawa, who scored a sensation as the Countess). Says Davis: "If I find a dozen first-class singers, we shall have what we want. Then we can stimulate ourselves and our audiences by importing guests. But I don't want international singers coming in here and fighting with their big voices for big fees."

With *Figaro*, Davis also seems to be declaring a middle-ground approach to repertory between battered warhorses and uncompromising avant-garde works. He intends to balance what he considers the true classic tradition—operas like *Otello*, *Boris Godunov* and the *Ring*—with occasional forays into the new and experimental. Next July, he will offer *Trovatore*, a harshly dissonant new opera about a

MUSIC



CONDUCTOR COLIN DAVIS
Things to come.

16th century composer. Written by one of England's leading young composers, Peter Maxwell Davies, the work will be produced by Film Director Ken Russell (*The Devils, The Boy Friend*).

Eventually Davis would like to see an experimental opera center right next door to the opera house, on the present site of the fruit, vegetable and flower market at Covent Garden. Says he: "With its decor and sense of tradition, the opera house creates the wrong sort of atmosphere for experimentation."

Anti-Snob. Davis is doing his part to break down tiara snobbishness. On the opening night of this season, he coolly appeared in a stage box wearing a sweater. He already has an avid youthful following as a result of his appearances at London's summertime prom concerts, and he hopes to attract the same following to Covent Garden. "I'd like an audience that has less interest in the past and is more interested in the present and is an average of 15 years younger."

In the long run, Davis knows that his plans hinge on musical successes—like *Figaro*—rather than his charisma. "I'm not the maestro type, throwing scores at people or eating the telephone," he says. "I'm a perfectly ordinary bloke who happens to be musical director of the Royal Opera. Of course, I have to play the role of the chap who is never flustered, always self-confident. But when I wake up in the night I find there are pieces of my fingers all over the pillow."

Montage of Loss

*Bye bye Miss American pie,
Drove my Chevy to the levy but
the levy was dry.
And them good old boys were
drinkin' whiskey and rye.
Singin' 'This'll be the day that I
die.'*

When it comes to nostalgia, the kids would seem to be at a disadvantage. After all, they have only yesterday to remember. But theirs is a big yesterday: the 1960s. The surge of rock culture during that decade left them with enough mythological heroes and heavies to fill a lifetime of remembering. Folk Singer Don McLean, 26, seems to evoke them all in his new 8½-minute single *American Pie*. The song mixes the good sounds from 1960s jukeboxes with the bad news from 1960s headlines (notably Viet Nam) to produce the most surrealistic, impalpable pop lyrics since Bob Dylan's *Subterranean Homesick Blues* (1965).

The suggestive vagueness of *American Pie* may be one of its greatest strengths. Trying to identify its various references has become a parlor game among pop fans—doubtless the major explanation of the fact that the record has shot to the top five in the charts in only five weeks. The Rolling Stones are there, so are the Byrds, and so is the vanished spirit of Woodstock, or so it seems for a flickering moment. "I can't remember if I cried. When I read about his widowed bride" may refer to John F. Kennedy's death. Or is it the legendary rock-'n'-roller Buddy Holly, who was killed in a plane crash in 1959? Essentially, McLean's montage expresses



FOLK SINGER DON MCLEAN
A sweeping metaphor.

a sense of loss that seems to pervade the younger generation. The passing of rock music has become a sweeping metaphor for everything else that is gone:

*I was a lonely teen-age bromelin' huck,
with a pink carnation and a pickup truck.
But I knew I was out of luck
The day the music died.*

1971's Best LPs

DEBUSSY: IMAGES, PRÉLUDÉE À L'APRÈS-MIDI D'UN FAUNE (DGG); **TCHAIKOVSKY: SYMPHONY NO. 1—Winter Dreams** (DGG). These sumptuous, adroit performances with the Boston Symphony Orchestra show that Michael Tilson Thomas is no longer a superb young conductor—just a superb conductor.

PENDERECKI: THE DEVILS OF LOUDUN (Philips, 2 LPs). Torture and execution of an innocent 17th century French priest, chillingly depicted by the Hieronymus Bosch of contemporary composers.

MASSENET: MANON, 4 LPs; **DONIZETTI: LUCIA DI LAMMERMOOR**, 3 LPs (both ABC). When operatic tastes are weighed, the soprano who tips the scales—and the trills and roulades and floritura—in favor of the French lyric and Italian bel canto repertoires is Beverly Sills, here in two exemplary roles.

GEORGE CRUMB: ANCIENT VOICES OF CHILDREN (Nonesuch). Poet Garcia Lorca's grim imagery set to stark, subtly shimmering music by an important new American composer.

WAGNER: DIE MEISTERSINGER (Angel, 5 LPs). Aural splendor engineered by Meister-Conductor Herbert von Karajan.

LEON RUSSELL WITH THE SHELTER PEOPLE (Shelter). A high-water mark in Delta rock, by the noted bayou frog and a virtuosic choir of croakers.

TEA FOR THE TILLERMAN (A & M). Love songs and ecology blend happily in the song bag of British Bard Cat Stevens.

CONCERT FOR BANGLA DESH (Apple, 3 LPs). The indoor Woodstock of 1971: Bob Dylan, Leon Russell, George Harrison and Ravi Shankar together and live at New York's Madison Square Garden.

MWANDISHI (Warner Brothers). Miles Davis Protégé Herbie Hancock shows what jazz might have sounded like if it had come up the river from Darmstadt, that European mecca of the avant-garde, instead of New Orleans.

WHAT'S GOIN' ON (Tamla). A melodically deft song cycle by soul crooner Marvin Gaye that praises God, blesses peace and swings till kingdom come.



TYPICAL CARTOON FROM "SURVIVOR'S HANDBOOK" ON DRUG USE



SYRACUSE SEX PAMPHLET

BEHAVIOR

Confessions and Comics

"I Had to Prove My Manhood—and My Wife Had to Pay the Price!" "My Minister Taught Me All About Love, But He Wouldn't Let Me Be a Real Woman!" "How I Spent My Summer Vacation—and Nearly Died Three Months Later!" "Mama Made Me Do It, But She Wouldn't Tell Me Why!"

The titles are titillating—and similar to those on the cover of any pulp magazine. But *True To Life* is published by Emory University, and it is meant to teach, not tease. Noting that most of the women who went to Emory's birth-control clinic in Atlanta were avid readers of confessions, the clinic's family planners decided to write some of their own. Their stories, like those in *True Confession*, are about torrid love affairs, but the message is different. In *True To Life*, women learn not to be victims of circumstance, or of men, but instead to start taking control of their own lives, new feminist fashion. ("For once, I hadn't just floated along in the dream, saying yes to everything.") The heroines learn about contraception, usually the hard way. ("The doctor told me I had been very lucky—so many women die from illegal abortions.")

So far there has been only one issue, which is now in its third printing (making a circulation of 38,000 copies in all). Distributed in birth-control clinics, hospitals and schools, *True To Life* is free of charge. Interviews with readers, however, show that nearly all of them think the magazine would be worth paying for.

A similar attempt to inform young readers painlessly is being made at Syracuse University. There the messages are about sex and drugs, and

the medium is brightly colored comic books that parents probably will not read, and just as well too. In *Ten Heavy Facts About Sex*, Psychologist Sol Gordon is overwhelmingly permissive. "Masturbation is a normal expression of sex. Enjoy it." If a person wants to be homosexual or bisexual, that's his business. Pornography is harmless. Gordon's only caveats are against sex that is "exploitive" or unprotected by contraception. Like the sex comic, *Who Will Drug You? A Survivor's Handbook* avoids moralizing. But it must be doubly instructive for youngsters to learn graphically the various symptoms of overdoes victims who are having convulsions or just staggering, "confused and slow." And to learn that holding a joint of grass can get you 50 years in Texas.

Nurturing Intelligence

Of the nation's 6,000,000 mentally retarded children and adults, 80% have no detectable abnormality of the central nervous system. How then to explain their inadequacy?

In the bitter controversy over the reasons for low IQs, some psychologists, notably Arthur Jensen and Richard Herrnstein (TIME, Aug. 23) put the blame largely on inferior genes. Others believe that environment—especially the environment of the ghetto—is of primary importance. A recent report on the first five years of an experiment with mentally retarded mothers and their children in Milwaukee supports the latter view. It also offers persuasive evidence that mental retardation in the offspring of mentally retarded mothers can be prevented.

To recruit subjects for their experiment, University of Wisconsin Psychologists Rick Heber and Howard Garber went to a slum, which typ-

ically is the section of any city with the highest concentration of the mentally retarded. Initial testing showed that retarded mothers are likely to have retarded children, but did not reveal the reason. Heber and Garber suspected that it was the way in which the retarded mothers dealt with their children that made the critical difference between them and the children of equally impoverished mothers of normal intelligence.

The psychologists' aim was to wipe out that difference. Choosing 40 retarded mothers with newborn babies, all black, they assigned them randomly to two groups with 20 mothers and infants in each. For the control group, nothing special was done. In the experimental group, the mothers were given job training and taught home-making and baby care. Their babies,

DOROTHY A. HANDELL



SLUM CHILD IN IQ EXPERIMENT
Distinctly superior.

beginning at three months of age, were picked up every morning and taken to the university. There, "infant stimulation teachers" fed, bathed and taught them until 4 p.m.

Tested at intervals, the 20 "stimulated" children have proved "distinctly superior" to the youngsters who stayed at home. They have IQs averaging about 125, compared with scores of 75 or less for their mothers and about 95 for untreated children of similar background.

Yet Heber and Garber admit that the experimental children have become "test-wise" and that the differences between the two groups could disappear as they grow older. Still, the psychologists conclude, the youngsters have accomplished so much that "it is difficult to conceive of their ever being comparable to the lagging control group."

Adolescent Suicide

Every year about 1,000 U.S. young people between the ages of 14 and 21 take their own lives, and thousands more try unsuccessfully. Behavioral scientists have long believed that it is mostly girls who make the unsuccessful attempts. Now a new study of female adolescent suicide based chiefly on 750 case histories confirms that impression. Among those who try to kill themselves and fail, says Boston University Psychologist Pamela Cantor, girls outnumber boys 9 to 1; among those who succeed, boys are in the majority by a 3-to-1 ratio.

The boys succeed because they really want to die, says Psychologist Cantor, which explains their choice of such failure-proof methods as hanging and shooting. She notes that society expects more of males than of females, so that boys who doubt their sexual prowess or career prospects may see death as the only way out. By contrast, a suicide try by a young girl may be less an attempt to die than "a cry for help, a reaching out for human contact, love and attention." The method chosen (sleeping pills, for example) often permits rescue.

Psychologist Cantor observes that the married teen-age girl is more apt to commit suicide than the unmarried girl, and the college student than those not in college. Her study suggests that two groups are especially likely to attempt suicide: those whose fathers have been either uncaring or long absent from home, and first-born girls, particularly those with younger brothers.

In both sexes, Cantor advises, there are several warning signals: insomnia, neglect of personal appearance, the giving away of prized possessions, or a long-lasting depression. Nor does the end of a depression mean danger is over. On the contrary, it is just then that a deeply unhappy youngster "is most likely to mobilize his energies and actually commit suicide."

THE THEATER

The Cassandra Complex

FINGERNAILS BLUE AS FLOWERS
by RONALD RIBMAN

LAKE OF THE WOODS
by STEVE TESICH

The first of the Manhattan theaters being built in new office skyscrapers has opened, and it is a house of good omen. The American Place Theater is a triumph of spare, tactful architectural design and welcome proof of the theater's knack for survival even in periods of adversity.

Would that the two one-actors with which the house makes its debut showed similar qualities. Despite fitful laughter, both plays have a Cassandra complex. Their common theme has been constantly drummed in recent seasons—woe is me, woe is you, woe is America. Such plays are loaded with enough dolorous symbols to break the back of Melville's whale. To compound their disadvantages, both playwrights seem wedded to the fallacy that drama is some kind of nonstop talk show.

Of these two slight offerings, Ronald Ribman's is the slighter. He has kept whatever he wanted to say in *Fingernails Blue as Flowers* so skillfully concealed as to make it the dramatic equivalent of the perfect crime. At a guess, its Jamaica resort-hotel setting and tycoon hero stand for the sappingly corruptive effect of the affluent society on all stages and ages of U.S. man.

A more coherent imagery knits together Steve Tesich's play. *Lake of the Woods* is Western desert land. All that roams over it now is a cartoon of Kit Carson (Will Hussung). The hero, Win-

nebago (Hal Holbrook), though Indian by name, is really our old friend the emotionally parched middle-aged American. He has wandered into this wasteland thinking it a fisherman's dream. It is of course the familiar American Dream, bathetically symbolized by Winnebago's dying daughter.

Holbrook gives one of his finest performances and almost redeems the evening. Like a sourdough of the emotions, he pans the symbolic sludge for golden nuggets of truth, humor and perplexed humanity. • T.E. Kolem

MARIA HODDER



HOLBROOK IN "LAKE OF THE WOODS"

1971's Ten Best Plays

NO, NO, NANETTE. A toothsome nugget of nostalgia in which an ageless Ruby Keeler kicks the calendar goodbye.

THE GREY LADY CANTATA. Huge papier-mâché puppets do a silent, hierophantic dance of death, as if Picasso's *Guernica* were unfolding in slow motion.

HERE ARE LADIES. How Irish writers sass and celebrate Irish women, with a graciously high-styled solo performance by Siobhan McKenna.

FATHER'S DAY. Divorce, U.S. style, done with perception, hilarity and lashing honesty.

LENNY. More masochist than martyr, porcine Lenny Bruce nonetheless maintained some painful truths into the U.S. psyche. In the title role, Cliff Gorman gives a herculean performance.

FOLLIES. Apart from being dazzlingly lovely, this musical is wise in heart. Stephen Sondheim's music and lyrics beguile the ear while seducing the mind, and the Corybantic ardor of Michael Bennett's dancers is a sight for glad eyes.

WHERE HAS TOMMY FLOWERS GONE? Tommy is a sort of Holden Caulfield at 30, an asphalt urchin who is tart, smart and often touching.

STICKS AND BONES. A blind veteran, home from Viet Nam, is as welcome as a hand grenade to his sad-funny, surreal-absurdist family.

THE PRISONER OF SECOND AVENUE. Neil Simon, in top form, strews laughs like roses along the sooty sidewalks of New York City.

THE STY OF THE BLIND PIG. A superb quartet of actors draws Chekhovian music out of the humor, passion and frustration of black life in Chicago in the early '50s.

HOW ALUMINUM CAN HELP PAY OUR \$5 BILLION GARBAGE BILL.



Aluminum's high scrap value can be used to reduce the size and cost of our national waste pile. Reynolds has already started the job.

In 1967, Americans generated enough garbage to cover half the state of Connecticut with a foot-deep layer. It costs some of our large cities nearly a half million dollars a day to dispose of their refuse. The pile gets

bigger year after year, and we're fast running out of places to put it.

Looking at facts like these, Reynolds Metals Company launched a program several years ago to salvage used aluminum cans and other aluminum household scrap—even though aluminum accounts for less than $\frac{1}{2}$ of 1% of the nation's garbage.

The idea was to pay people or groups 10¢ per pound for aluminum which they bring to Reynolds reclamation centers. There, the scrap

is processed and shipped to other Reynolds facilities where it is "recycled" back into usable aluminum sheet, plate or other mill products.

Reynolds helps put "recycling" into the ecology dictionary.

Reynolds recycling program helps do two important jobs: It conserves valuable national resources, and helps with our litter and solid waste disposal problems.



One of Reynolds Mobile Reclamation Units to aid collection of all-aluminum cans.

The program is working: The aluminum industry has recycled over a billion cans, three-fourths of which were recycled in 1971 alone. More than \$4.3 million were paid to the American consumer for this metal—with no municipal disposal cost.

Reynolds now operates 13 permanent reclamation plants and 11 mobile collection units. In addition, other leading companies, chiefly beverage manufacturers and distributors, are working with us in this effort to pick up and recycle every possible pound of household scrap aluminum. Today, there is a network of more than 633 satellite centers in 31 states.

Some of the companies working with Reynolds in collecting and recycling aluminum cans.

Adolph Coors Company
Anheuser-Busch, Inc.
P. Ballantine & Sons
Blitz-Weinhard Company
Carling Brewing Company
Faisstall Brewing Corporation
Jos. Schlitz Brewing Company
Theo. Hamm Company
Miller Brewing Company
Mobil Oil Corp.
Olympia Brewing Company
Pepsi-Cola Company
Piel Bros., Inc.
Rainier Brewing Company
The Coca-Cola Company
Union Oil Co. of California

What makes the effort work is the basic value of aluminum. Scrap aluminum is worth \$200 a ton; other common packaging materials are worth only \$16 to \$20 a ton.

Because of this, we feel our can collection program is just the start of much larger and more effective attacks on the nation's solid waste disposal problem.

Aluminum's value can help pay for the recycling of much of the solid waste this country generates. Here, for example, are a few of the approaches Reynolds is involved in:

Will the homemaker separate?



If housewives would separate recyclable materials from the rest of their daily trash, municipal refuse disposal costs would be greatly reduced, and recycling could be that much easier. It is estimated that if 1,000 households separated waste paper, aluminum cans, and glass bottles for recycling programs rather than throwing them away, a community could save over \$50,000 in a year.

• Reynolds is now working with communities in Florida and California, providing free plastic bags to encourage household separation of waste. The goal is to see if the value of the aluminum will pay for part of the collection service.

Working with B.I.R.P. and cities.

• In Phoenix, Reynolds is part of the Beverage Industry Recycling Program (B.I.R.P.), helping to operate a model facility that is recycling aluminum, glass, and steel.

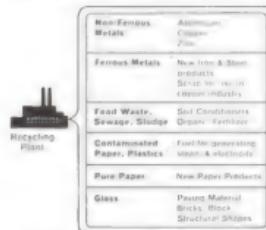
• We're talking with school systems about plans to collect used

aluminum containers and foil from their cafeterias, the proceeds to help pay for school operations.

• In the San Francisco area, we're one of nine companies and municipalities planning a new, sophisticated reclamation plant. Here, aluminum, steel, paper, and glass raw materials will be separated automatically from mixed municipal garbage.

• Through the Aluminum Association, we've helped develop plans for garbage processing plants that could help pay for themselves by recovering aluminum and other raw materials. They would also produce valuable chemicals, fertilizers, animal feeds, and steam power.

Garbage in. Valuable raw materials out.



The American standard of living is creating a garbage pile that is now a national problem. But the value of aluminum in the garbage could turn this national problem into a national asset. To learn more about what Reynolds is doing, write Dr. Robert F. Testin, Director of Environmental Planning, Reynolds Metals Company, P.O. Box 27003-L1, Richmond, Va. 23261. The men and women at Reynolds are always interested in your comments and suggestions.



REYNOLDS
the world's largest producer of aluminum

THE ECONOMY

PHASE II

Holding Down Those Prices

FOR all the criticism, confusion and even chaos generated by Phase II controls, they nonetheless seem to be working. Last week President Nixon, who has no love for the controls, hinted that they might be dropped in 1972. He expressed hopes that the campaign to curb inflation "can be continued and completed in the coming year."

The nation was particularly cheered by last week's report that in November, the month in which Phase II got started, the Consumer Price Index rose at an annual rate of about 2.4%. That was roughly double the October rate but well below the 4.1% average earlier this year. Indeed, from September through November, living costs went up at a rate of only 1.7%. Herbert Stein, the President's chief economist, warns that prices may spurt briefly during December and January because some previously frozen increases will be allowed to rise in Phase II. Still, President Nixon said that he is confident that consumer prices will drop to an annual rate of 2% to 3% for the coming year—a figure that he holds would amount to victory over inflation. Economists generally predict that the overall rate of inflation in 1972 can be held to 3% or a bit more.

Rent Rules. Contributing to the spreading belief that living costs can be contained was the Price Commission's long-awaited rent decision. The commission calls for guidelines to hold rent increases to a maximum of 3% or 3½% for the coming year. A major exception: more than a million rent-controlled units in New York City. The city government will be allowed to permit rent hikes of up to 7.5% for these units beginning Jan. 1 as previously planned.

Landlords seeking rent boosts on the basis of increased operating costs—labor, fuel, loan interest—are limited to only 2.5%. If expenses rise above that figure, they must be absorbed by the landlord himself. He will, however, be allowed to pass on to tenants the cost of increases in property taxes or municipal services. Beyond that, landlords can get rent rises of up to 10% for capital improvements, such as remodeling and installing air-conditioning systems. Any demands above that

must be approved by the Internal Revenue Service. The IRS will investigate complaints from tenants who believe their rent adjustments are illegally high.

Tougher Stand. A stiffening attitude is also evident on the Pay Board. In two previous rulings, the board's five business representatives sided with its five labor representatives in approving coal miners' and railway signalmen's contracts that were far above its 5.5% limit. Stung by criticism that they were knuckling under to labor to avoid strikes, the businessmen are now taking a tougher stand. They plan automatically to challenge all wage set-

it clear that they want to limit the aerospace workers to an 8% increase; labor representatives are holding out for 12%. The public members are suggesting a mediating 10%. If labor is beaten down, an aerospace strike could erupt; but with unemployment already so high in the industry, there is a big question as to what—if anything—the workers stand to gain by a walkout.

Pay Board members were much more amenable in another matter: a request from the Salvation Army to raise its officers' salaries. Though members of the charitable organization are exempt from controls, Board Chairman George H. Boldt—infused with the holiday spirit—granted formal approval anyhow. Married officers who formerly earned \$57.50 a week will now go to \$60.50—with a guarantee of advancement to \$66 in 15 years.

WORLD MONEY

A More Equal System

When Richard Nixon tried to answer the inevitable question about which nations had come out ahead in the great monetary realignment, he said that "the whole free world has won." To that diplomatic assessment, his canny Treasury Secretary John Connally added: "I think everyone gave something, some perhaps more than others." Though the sweeping new deal in money was sensible, stabilizing and basically fair, few could resist extending Connally's game of economic *Animal Farm* one step farther, searching for nations that had become just a bit more equal than others.

For the U.S., some of the benefits and sacrifices of the deal became evident last week. Officials of U.S. airlines, including Pan Am and TWA, said that North Atlantic air fares would rise in dollars by about the amount of U.S. devaluation (8.6%), thus wiping out the reduction in ticket prices that is scheduled to begin in February. U.S. tourists paid higher prices for goods throughout most of the world, including, of all places, the *ber-yozka* (hard-currency stores) of the Soviet Union, where the dollar fetches seven times its official rate (\$1.11) on the black market.

The brighter side of the coin was that Presidential Assistant Peter G. Peterson predicted that devaluation's boost to U.S. exports will create at least 500,000 new jobs over the next two years, primarily in the steel, clothing and farm-related industries. Even Hollywood studio executives spiced themselves into the act, calculating that devaluation will bring higher revenues from cinema audiences abroad and repatriate some "runaway" productions that had shifted to foreign shores.

Tough Talk. Nixon and Connally won most of what the U.S. wanted on the money front. But there is a con-



DRAWING BY ALAN DUNN © 1971 THE NEW YORKER MAGAZINE, INC.
*"May I remind you that Phase Two
does not apply to the Offertory."*

lements above 7% in the second and third years of long-term contracts signed before the August freeze. Getting such boosts approved has been a prime goal of labor members, who have been ready from the start to scuttle the controls—if they could get away with it. If businessmen persist in this challenge, labor members could possibly quit the board. In that unfortunate event, the President might have to go directly to the people and seek to rally public opinion against the willful actions of some labor leaders.

Significantly, the Pay Board's business members also joined with the public members in refusing to approve a settlement granting aerospace workers a 12% wage rise next year. Though the board adjourned without reaching a decision, the business members made

siderable question about whether the U.S. could have done just as well by offering to settle on about the same terms last August, thus avoiding all the tensing trade upsets and tough talk of the intervening months. To get what they did two weeks ago, Nixon and Connally had to agree to put off some demands for the reduction of foreign tariffs and quotas that restrict the sales of U.S. goods abroad. By agreeing to devalue the dollar before he won basic concessions on trade—aside from short-term liberalization by the Europeans for the benefit of vote-heavy U.S. farmers—Nixon gave up an important bargaining chip. The Administration's strategy now appears to be to warn the Europeans that unless they give in more on trade, Congress may not agree to devalue the dollar. The Europeans say that the matter is academic, since the value of the dollar is now being set not in Washington but in the world's money markets.

Trade negotiations are under way with the Japanese and the Europeans, and these talks are difficult. French President Pompidou declared last week that he will make no concessions that might weaken France's agricultural strength. "French farmers can count on my interest in them and my obstinacy," he said.

No Sympathy. The French were among those who ended up "more equal" in the monetary settlement, especially in prestige. The settlement followed the technical demand for an increase in the price of gold that had long been pressed by Charles de Gaulle. The large French gold reserves (\$3.5 billion worth at latest count) thus increased in value by 8.6% though the gains are largely theoretical for the time being, since the U.S. has stopped trading in gold. France also kept its currently prosperous trading position. The franc was not required to revalue upward at all (though it rose against the dollar by the 8.6% amount of Washington's devaluation). More important, the West German mark was set at a value 5% higher than the franc, giving French exports a long-term price advantage over West Germany's.

The West Germans, however, wound up with an important short-term advantage. After the mark had started floating last May, it rose as much as 12% above the franc, which was purposely held fairly steady by Paris. Thus the narrower gap created by the new rates actually puts West German exporters in a better position vis-à-vis their French competitors than they have enjoyed in recent months.

The Japanese, who agreed to the largest revaluation (17% relative to the dollar), were fretful. But then they have a special problem. Said Finance Minister Mikio Mizuta: "We just couldn't find any sympathy for our argument that a 5% growth rate in Japan represents a serious recession."

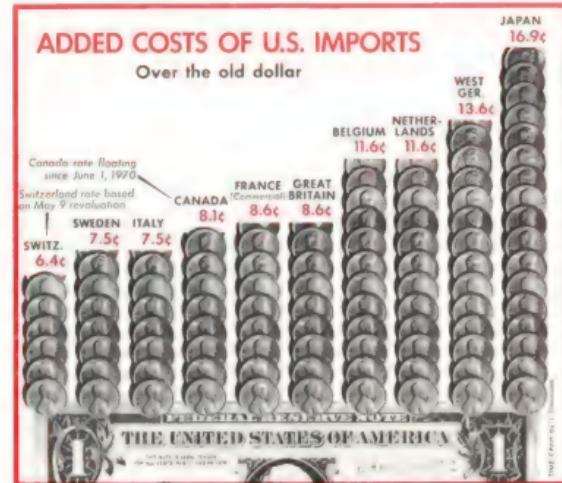
The trade ministry predicted rather optimistically that the revaluation will have practically no effect on some major Japanese exports—including autos, ships, cameras, wristwatches and steel bearings—either because there are no suitable substitutes or because the Japanese prices will still be lower than competitors'. The export sales that are "considerably" threatened—or worse—says the ministry, include trucks, electric machinery, aluminum, toys, radios and tires. Even so, stock prices also rose on the Tokyo exchange, indicating that experts do not expect severe business reverses in Japan.

The Canadians claimed a victory by announcing that their dollar, along among major currencies, will continue to float against the U.S. dollar. In the 19 months since Ottawa set its currency afloat, the Canadian dollar has risen about 8%, probably less than

if system on the basis of the changing economic power relationships. This means coming to grips with a world in which the U.S. and its dollar are no longer dominant. But so far no one has come up with a new system that spreads the responsibility commensurate with the power, and this is what future negotiations must be about.

By coincidence, while the money deal was being made at the Smithsonian Institution in Washington, another conference was held at the Brookings Institution, half a mile away. There a group of twelve top economists—including Britain's Sir Alec Cairncross, Japan's Saburo Okita, and the U.S.'s Richard Cooper and C. Fred Bergsten—drafted a plan for a world monetary system that would accomplish precisely the goal that the Group of Ten rich nations agree is necessary but have done little to achieve. Cen-

ADDED COSTS OF U.S. IMPORTS Over the old dollar



the rise that would have been required of Canada in a formal revaluation. As expected, a number of Latin American nations and others whose principal trade is with the U.S. followed Washington in devaluating, thereby keeping their currencies on a par with that of their biggest customer. The move should also increase the competitiveness of their exports in trade with Europe and Japan.

New System. At a time when economic power is becoming more important than political power in international relations, Western leaders should find in the latest settlement one all-important lesson—the need for preventing future crises by agreeing on basic monetary reforms. The real issue is a serious one: restructuring the Western world's monetary and trad-

central to the proposal is the creation of more IMF-managed reserves to replace gradually the dollars and gold bullion that are used by non-Communist nations to settle foreign debts. The group also recommended the elimination within ten years of tariffs and quotas on manufactured goods, the reduction of import quotas and subsidies on agricultural crops, and cooperation in regulating capital flows without the use of artificial investment subsidies or restrictions on foreign investment. "It is no longer feasible for the U.S. to assume predominant responsibility for making the system work," noted a report approved by the entire group. "This responsibility now must be distributed so as to more nearly reflect the diffusion of economic power that occurred over the past two decades."

OIL

The Battle of the Atlantic

NOW that the dollar is being devalued, anybody who drives a car or heats his house with oil may well face higher fuel bills. Reason: world oil prices are generally set in dollars, and the increasingly militant oil-producing countries will press even harder for more dollars to make up for devaluation.

As foreign oil becomes costlier, U.S. oil companies will step up their search for domestic sources. Already they are moving their derricks farther and farther offshore to tap deposits under the ocean floor. One of the hottest exploration areas stretches along the Atlantic Coast from Maine to North Carolina, ranging from 50 miles to 300 miles offshore. Oilmen estimate that that area of the continental shelf may hold between 122 billion and 169 billion bbl. in potential petroleum resources—roughly 25 to 30 times as much as the U.S. consumes yearly. But a classic battle is shaping up between oilmen and environmentalists over whether to develop this possible resource.

Great Search. For six years, a consortium of 33 companies—headed by Humble Oil, a Jersey Standard affiliate, and including such giants as Atlantic Richfield, Getty, Mobil and Texaco—have poked and probed the continental shelf in hopes of a big discovery. Recently oil and gas were discovered off Sable Island, Nova Scotia, and hopes soared. Geologists concluded that the find was probably part of a pool extending southward to North Carolina, and oilmen accelerated the Atlantic search. Most promising sites so far: Georges Bank Trough off Massachusetts, Baltimore Canyon Trough off the Middle Atlantic states and Blake Plateau off Florida. As Geologist Wilson Laird, the consortium's spokesman, told TIME Correspondent Christopher Byron: "We won't know if there is a single drop of oil until we actually drill for it. But based on the topographical configurations that we have found and the nature of the sediments, we are extremely optimistic."

They may never get a chance to drill. Bills have been put forward in both the House and the Senate to declare the East Coast offshore area a marine preserve and tightly regulate oil and mineral exploration. Massachusetts Senator Edward Kennedy is one of

the sponsors of the Senate bill; Maryland Congressman Edward A. Garmatz, powerful chairman of the House Merchant Marine and Fisheries Committee, is co-sponsoring the House bill, which was introduced by Long Island Congressman Norman Lent.

After an acerbic debate with Kennedy in December, Interior Secretary Rogers Morton promised that no drilling would be allowed for at least two more years. Under law, Interior must make a study of the environmental consequences of the drilling. Invoking that law in another case, the Sierra Club and other conservation groups two

drilling operations. To that, environmentalists reply that there are countless unreported small leaks that together pump far more pollution into the sea than the big spills do.

Energy Policy. Beyond the environmental fight loom arguments over international law, politics and economics. Americans use 5 billion bbl. of oil a year, and the industry estimates that domestic demand will double by 1985. But proven U.S. reserves—chiefly in Texas, Louisiana and Alaska—are only 39 billion bbl. Oilmen insist that unless great new domestic deposits are found and exploited, the U.S. will become dangerously dependent on the politically mercurial oil-producing countries of the Middle East, Africa and Latin America. Further, big oil discoveries in the U.S. Northeast would sharply cut the costs of transporting oil to those Americans who use most of it.

President Nixon has directed the Interior Department to speed up issuing drilling leases to enlarge the nation's known oil pool. But there is a legal complication: in 1970 the President committed the U.S. to pursuing a treaty in which nations would renounce sovereignty over resources more than 200 meters below the sea's surface. Much of the Atlantic shelf oil is thought to lie below that point, and an embarrassing legal question could arise over whether the U.S. controls it.

The hassle over Atlantic oil will carry on in Congress through much of next year. The fight will be resolved only after the nation starts a long-overdue debate on energy policy. The U.S. must decide how much it is willing to pay for oil in terms of money, environmental risk and dependence on foreign governments.



weeks ago went to federal court in Washington, D.C., and stalled the leasing of drilling rights for 366,000 acres off the Louisiana coast. In what could be a move to placate environmentalists and meet consumer demand for more oil, especially in New England, President Nixon last week lifted the quota on foreign oil in states east of the Rocky Mountains by 100,000 bbl. a day, to 1,550,000 bbl.

Environmentalists argue that oil drilling in the Atlantic could shatter the marine ecology and ruin resort areas, particularly around Long Island and New Jersey. They point ominously to three disastrous oil leaks in recent years, two off Louisiana and one in California's Santa Barbara Channel, which fouled beaches and killed wildlife. In rebuttal, oilmen argue that their record is good: only three major spills from more than 14,000 offshore

COMPUTERS

Challenging the Jolly Gray Giant

What do Kareem Abdul Jabbar, George Meany, Pablo Picasso and IBM have in common? Answer: their tendency to dominate their fields. And none is more dominant than IBM. The Jolly Gray Giant, as irreverent competitors call it, accounted for almost two-thirds of global computer revenues in 1971, and has been folding, bending and mutilating its rivals for years. Since 1970, two of the world's very biggest corporations, General Electric and RCA, have dropped out of computer manufacturing, each having lost more than \$100 million to learn that IBM is hard to buck. But one gutsy company has hit the giant head-on, sharply increased its own computer sales and firmly entrenched itself as No. 2 in the industry. The company is Minneapolis-based Honeywell.

In 1970, Honeywell Chairman

James Binger announced that the firm would buy G.E.'s sagging computer division for notes and stock worth about \$500 million. Honeywell got G.E. plants in the U.S. and abroad, including the profitless French subsidiary, Machines Bull. The acquisition doubled Honeywell's annual revenues (to \$2 billion in 1971) and propelled it past Burroughs, Sperry Rand and NCR in worldwide computer shipments. By adding G.E.'s large and small computers to its own line of middle-sized models, Honeywell became the only firm competing with IBM in all three categories. Still, Wall Street analysts figured that the acquisition of G.E.'s computer operations would dilute Honeywell's earnings. The company's stock dropped 26 points within two days after the announcement, to 78.

Fifteen months later, Honeywell's purchase has proved to be a boon. The combined computer operation, called Honeywell Information Systems, is expected to earn more in 1971 than combined earnings for the two divisions before the marriage. Machines Bull, which had produced nothing but headaches for G.E., has just earned its first profit since G.E. bought it in 1964. Honeywell engineers and salesmen have turned G.E.'s unexceptional Model 600 computer into a marketing success; Honeywell has taken orders for at least 135 of the machines, now called the Model 6000.

Critical Mass. As the U.S. computer market softened along with the rest of the economy, and larger firms foundered, how has Honeywell prospered? For one thing, the new operation is better balanced than its two components were. The bulk of Honeywell's sales have been in the U.S., but G.E.'s business was concentrated overseas, where computer sales have been rising smartly. For another, Honeywell's marketing force is exceptionally strong; it has more computer mar-

keting personnel than either RCA or G.E. did.

When asked why Honeywell made the risky purchase, company executives have a two-word answer: "Critical mass." They define that as the point at which Honeywell's computer business can generate enough profits to finance research and marketing efforts that will allow it to keep up with IBM. With only 5% of the data-processing market before picking up G.E.'s division, they say, Honeywell could never have reached that point. Now Honeywell has 8% or 10%. "We had to seek a dramatically larger share of the general market," explains Honeywell President Stephen Keating, an urbane Minnesotan and former FBI agent. "We knew that it would have been impossible to do it from within. That not only would have increased the risks in case of a mistake, but also would have imposed a severe financial load on our current business and would have depressed profits."

Giant Spur. A crucial test will come within the next four or five years. Binger and Keating plan to introduce Honeywell's first full post-acquisition line of advanced computers. They must be able to function well alongside the 35 other lines of Honeywell and G.E. computers already in the hands of customers. Spurred by competition from Honeywell and from small manufacturers of cut-price computer accessories, IBM has been introducing new models and lowering prices. In the face of such obstacles, Honeywell executives are not saying how long it will take to attain critical mass, but Wall Street considers it a reasonable goal. The company's stock closed last week at 132, not far from an alltime high.

TRADE

Bidding Up Shrimp

To the true Japanese gourmet, one of life's sweetest pleasures is savoring the dying wriggle of a freshly peeled live shrimp on the tongue. Cooked or raw, the shrimp has for centuries occupied a place of honor in Japan's pantheon of epicurean ecstasies. Lately, however, that wriggly national hero has become a mere prawn in the hands of Japanese commercial interests. Because of huge Japanese demand, shrimp prices round the world are jumping.

Dear Delicacy. Importers, seafood dealers and at least one textile firm in Japan are rushing to buy unprecedented quantities of shrimp on world markets—about 23% more in 1971 than 1970. Japan imports nearly two-thirds of the 69,000 tons consumed there annually. Since the U.S. imports about half of its own yearly 140,000 tons, the two commercial superpowers must bid against each other



SHRIMP CATCH OFF FLORIDA COAST
A crush on crustaceans.

for shrimp from such places as Brazil, Mexico and West Africa. "The Japanese are paying 25% more than the market," says Irving Farber, president of New Jersey's Continental Seafoods.

As a result, shrimp prices in the U.S. rose 20% to 40% during 1971. Large shrimp that retailed in Manhattan a year ago for \$2.50 per lb. are now \$3.25. Jim Mahoney, general manager of Miami's Gorton Shrimp Products, predicts that shrimp may become one of the U.S.'s costliest delicacies. "Shrimp people laughed when lobster went to \$4 a pound," he says, "but for shrimp that's not too far-fetched now."

Six-Inch Pinch. Shrimp lovers in America are not the worst hurt victims of price rise. Japanese consumers are paying dearly for their crush on crustaceans, up to 58¢ each for jumbo six-inchers. Yet sales are increasing by 20% a year, partly because Japanese personal incomes have been rising.

The international monetary upheaval also accelerated the great shrimp rush. Before the new currency rates were set, the Japanese wanted to get rid of some of their huge supply of U.S. dollars and used them to buy shrimp on world markets. Now that the yen is worth more in terms of "old" dollars—17% more when revaluation is completed—trading greenbacks for shrimp has become an even better bargain. Whether or not the shrimp is sounder than the dollar, the fact is that shrimp can be stockpiled safely for more than a year, and they are always in tremendous demand in Japan. Their appeal is so great that the Japanese are pouring millions of yen into ventures to develop shrimp industries in India, Southeast Asia and Africa. If such projects pay off, the current run-up in international shrimp prices could be merely a temporary phenomenon.

HONEYWELL'S KEATING & BINGER



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CINEMA

Outside Society

DIRTY HARRY

Directed by DON SIEGEL

Screenplay by HARRY JULIAN FINK,

R.M. FINK and DEAN RIESNER

This is a real police movie. Where *The French Connection* was fundamentally a chase film, with lots of jolts and a good eye for police procedure, *Dirty Harry* is a genre piece: it has a fine feeling not only for the danger of a cop's life but also for the mo-

contempt and violates them openly. He is compelled to act on his own. This only reinforces Siegel's theme: that both cop and killer are renegades outside society, isolated in combat in their own brutal world. Siegel makes the point in eloquent cinematic shorthand, notably in the film's opening, where a shot of a policeman's badge dissolves into the muzzle of the sniper's rifle, and later when Callahan catches up with the killer in a deserted stadium. The camera draws back from the hunter and his quarry in the middle of the field, then moves back farther until both are lost to sight and the whole stadium is swallowed up in darkness.

Eastwood gives his best performance so far—tense, tough, full of implicit identification with his character. Harry Guardino is appropriately harried as Eastwood's superior, and Andy Robinson, who plays the killer, is truly remarkable. The script is suitably hard boiled, and there is an excellent, eerie jazz score by Lalo Schifrin. They all help Siegel to make *Dirty Harry* the kind of movie that brightens up Hollywood's tarnished name. ■ *Jay Cocks*



EASTWOOD & ROBINSON IN "HARRY"
Set pieces that pummel the senses.

notony and frustrations. It is the best film about cops since *Muligan*, which, by no coincidence, was also directed by Don Siegel.

Siegel is a film maker who works mostly within the conventions of the action movie. His films move with a closely calculated, irresistible momentum. He also has an explosive talent for violence that turns his action scenes (like a bank robbery in *Dirty Harry*) into set pieces that pummel the senses.

His films are spare, the scripts laconic. This is partly a question of personal style and partly the approach best suited to his frequent leading man, Clint Eastwood. In *Dirty Harry*, Eastwood plays a maverick San Francisco cop named Harry Callahan who sasses everybody—his chief, his superiors, even the mayor. A psychopathic killer is on the loose, sniping from rooftops, kidnapping young girls to hold the city up for ransom. Callahan is against the mayor's decision to pay the ransom. When he is appointed to deliver the \$200,000, he typically decides to try to trap the killer.

Dirty Harry is bound to upset adherents of liberal criminal-rights legislation. Callahan holds such laws in

Russian Dressing

NICHOLAS AND ALEXANDRA

Directed by FRANKLIN J. SCHAFFNER

Screenplay by JAMES GOLDMAN

A lugubrious rummaging through the Romanov attic, this is a *Love Story* with historical footnotes. Extracted from Robert K. Massie's best-seller, it seems to have started as an attempt to make what the boys back at the studio call "an intelligent epic." For Scenarist James Goldman (*The Lion in Winter*) and Director Franklin J. Schaffner (*Patton*), that apparently means endless vistas of gilded scenery, plus dreary dialogues about the future of Russia and the Czar's responsibility to his family and his increasingly obstreperous subjects.

The film is so resolutely dull that one hungers for the vigorous vulgarity of, say, *Doctor Zhivago*. The film makers occasionally comply, albeit inadvertently, as when Schaffner stages the obligatory scene of Mad Monk Rasputin wenching it up in a haystack, or when Goldman has Nikolai Vladimir Illich Lenin grouse, "Well, Stalin has been exiled to Siberia again." There is even an occasional feint at topical significance. Count Witte (Laurence Olivier), trying to persuade Nicholas (Michael Jayston) to halt the Russo-Japanese War, says, "I'm advising you to stop a hopeless war." Replies the Czar: "The Russia my father gave me never lost a war."

Jayston and Janet Suzman, who plays Alexandra, are both highly

professional but singularly unengaging actors. They are never able to fight through the emotional paralysis that cripples the film. Endless sequences are expended showing Alexandra wringing her royal hands over the fate of her hemophiliac son Alexis. Worried about his wife and son, agonizingly conscious of his own weakness and indecisiveness, Nicholas offers no resistance to the revolution that is gaining momentum all around him. The Romanovs first become prisoners, then victims of history and fate. It is a powerful story, full of grandeur and irony. It is almost operatic, but the movie whittles it down to soap. ■ *J.C.*

1971's Ten Best

A CLOCKWORK ORANGE Stanley Kubrick's demoniacal satire on a future of violence, brutal sex and demagogic politics.

THE CLOWNS An autobiographical essay in which Federico Fellini employs his favorite metaphor (the circus) to pursue the phantoms of memory and fantasy.

THE CONFORMIST Bernardo Bertolucci's flamboyant threnody to Italian Fascism featuring a superbly saturnine Jean-Louis Trintignant and an exotic Dominique Sanda.

DIRTY HARRY A superb piece of genre film making by Don Siegel about a cop (Clint Eastwood) as renegade.

THE FRENCH CONNECTION With the narcs in old Manhattan, Frenetic, resolutely naturalistic, with a car chase that is already a classic. Gene Hackman is memorable as a tough detective named Popeye.

GLEN AND RANDA Post-atomic desolation in the U.S., with hippies as the new cavemen. Melancholy, inventive sci-fi by young Film Maker Jim McBride.

THE LAST PICTURE SHOW Peter Bogdanovich subtly and precisely evokes the paralysis of the 1950s in the microcosm of a dying Texas town called Anarene.

MINNIE AND MOSKOWITZ A love story by John Cassavetes, poignant and sometimes hilarious, with stunning performances by Gena Rowlands and Seymour Cassel.

STRAW DOGS Sam Peckinpah's harrowing portrait of heroism turned to animalism as a shy mathematician (Dustin Hoffman) fights off thugs besieging his house.

SUNDAY, BLOODY SUNDAY A low-key, painfully believable contemporary love story, intelligently written by Penelope Gilliatt and flawlessly acted by Peter Finch and Glenda Jackson.

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by ROBERT FARRINGTON
287 pages. Scribner. \$5.95.

"That bottled spider," Shakespeare called the last Plantagenet. "That pois'nous bunch-back'd toad." Other Tudor chroniclers—variously declaring that he arranged the murder of his brother, poisoned his own wife, usurped the throne from his two young nephews and ordered them to be smothered in the Tower of London—have made Richard III Britain's very own Ivan the Terrible.

But there is another Richard, the man behind the monster mask of Tudor propaganda, a ghost wailing disconsolately for historic justice. Ever since 1768, when Horace Walpole published his *Historic Doubts* about Richard's alleged misdoings, revisionist historians have been trying to substantiate that ghost. In 1933, the Tudor version won points. When the skeletons of two young boys were found buried in the Tower, it was generally assumed that the bones were those of the little princes. Since then, passion and speculations have fueled at least half a dozen novels and several notable studies (including one that claimed the princes were alive and well in London years after their supposed murder).

This year two new revisionist novels have appeared, both presenting fresh and contradictory portraits of the man, both bloody good reading in the winter of our discontent.

We Speak No Treason is a king-size gothic romance by Rosemary Hawley Jarman, who writes medieval English almost as gorgeous as Charles Reade's in *Cloister and the Hearth*. Her



THE TWO PRINCES IMPRISONED IN THE TOWER

pages are dotted with sapphires, live-lodes, oxters, and muster-develers. 'Zooks if anybody knows what they mean; 'ounds if they aren't fun anyway. So is her version of Richard. She sees him as a 15th century Bobby Kennedy, the runt of a glittering litter who as a youth is devoted to his glamorous older brother, King Edward IV, and as Edward's successor displays rare qualities of social conscience.

Unhappily Richard develops into a vanilla paladin who might more aptly wear a cherry than a crown. According to Jarman, Richard committed none of the crimes imputed to him. She says he accepted the crown with a heavy heart (for which there is no historic evidence) only when he became convinced that the princes were truly illegitimate. Later, he did not murder the princes; he had them sent for safekeeping (for which there is one very doubtful piece of historic evidence) to Barnard Castle.

In *The Killing of Richard III*, Robert Farrington is something of a Richardist but more of an entertainer. His hero—modern, brisk, amused—is James Bond in a baldric, a lewd, shrewd "clerk" who undertakes secret missions for the king. Seen through his eyes, Richard comes off as a reasonably decent Renaissance statesman, astute in the chancellery but stupid in the field.

Author Farrington acquires Richard of murdering his wife and the Duke of Clarence and, all things considered, is inclined to suspect Richard's treacherous friend, "the deep-revolving witty Buckingham" (as Shakespeare called him), of finishing off the princes in the Tower. Richard had nothing to gain from the crime, Farrington reasons: as certified bastards, the princes were no longer a real threat to his legitimacy. Buckingham's motive? He hoped to overthrow Richard by making him seem a monster. The princes, moreover,

were a potential obstacle from Buckingham's own path to the throne. These ideas are not new, but they are ingeniously worked out. Farrington cannot match Jarman's atmosphere, but then she cannot match his wit. The one should be read for historic mood, the other for political analysis.

Read about him till the shelves are empty. Richard will still be an enigma. Farrington to the contrary, many authorities agree that Richard was not astute: he was principled, even moralistic. Raised in the wilds of Yorkshire, he was a deep-country conservative, almost religiously loyal to his liege—even, it appears, to his wife. But in an age of scurrying change, the old pieties were giving way before the impact of the new humanism, nationalism, and the rising power of the middle class. A study of Richard's legislation suggests strongly that in the course of his brief reign (1483-85) he was obsessed with social justice in a generation that, after 100 years of civil war, was obsessed with stability—peace at any price. The great lords on whom his power principally depended did not understand or trust his policies, and they turned against him at Bosworth Field. He was a man both behind and ahead of his time: a remnant of the Middle Ages; an early Puritan.

* Brod Darrach

Leviathans

THE SWAY OF THE GRAND SALOON

by JOHN MALCOLM BRINNIN
599 pages. Delacorte. \$15.

The reader wonders, as he pages with almost guilty pleasure through this grand, swaying history of the great North Atlantic steamships: can the \$15 hardback Leviathan survive in an age that buys its books from newsstands, reads them in an hour, and discards them like banana peels? *The Sway of*



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BOOKS

The Grand Saloon is huge, solid, statuary, absurdly lavish, its noble dust jacket encrusted with gilt. Its whorled end-papers are the work of Niebelungian trolls who never see the sun. Its paper, far from being recycled, might be made by the supplier of Cunard table linens.

But before John Malcolm Brinnin's monstrous work is seized by chanting ecologists, the unrepentant book lover will wheel his barrow to the store and bring home a copy. One reason for doing so is that it contains not one scrap of information that is essential, or even useful, to civilization's forward lurch.

Everything that Brinnin writes about is defunct. The big liners were killed, of course, by the jet plane, a device that condensed the leisurely misery of a five-day crossing into seven hours of concentrated nullity or wretchedness. Oddly, however—the same is true of the process that makes frozen orange juice—something was lost in the squeezing. Blush and call it romance.

Although Brinnin is a registered poet, he finds this quality hard to pin down. But he knows it was there, and even a reader who never saw the *Mauretania* or the *Bremen* is inclined

to accept his word. One of the narrative's fascinations is that for anyone whose forebears arrived in the U.S. within the past 150 years, a bit of family history is fleshed out. Brinnin is eloquent about the horrors of steerage, and he makes even the magnificence of first class on the old sail-equipped sidewheelers sound impressively grim.

Brinnin sets it all down, from the packet *Savannah*, which reached England under sail in 1819 using its steam engine mostly for public relations puffery, to (and down with) the *Titanic* and the *Lusitania*, and finally down to (but not with) the excellent but irrelevant *Q.E. 2*. The author proves again that the sea, at least when perceived from an armchair, is morally instructive. A repeated theme is that of pride brought low. The star of the American-owned Collins Line was the *Arctic*, an opulent sidewheeler launched in 1850. The ship was four years old when, steaming at full speed through fog over the Grand Banks, freighted with manhood in its strength and daring, and woman in her trust and beauty, and youth with its sunny gladness, "as a preacher wrote later, the *Arctic* collided with a small iron-hulled French steamship and sank. Crew members commanded all but one of the lifeboats, and most of the 233 passengers, including the owner's wife and two children, drowned. Two years later the Collins Line's *Pacific* steamed into an ice field and disappeared without a trace. But nothing could alter the drive for more speed. A captain of the day expressed the view that the way to deal with fog was to steam as fast as possible, thus getting "sooner out of it."

Emily Post, the book reports, eventually took note of the special circumstances raised by ocean travel. "The Worldlys always have their meals served in their own 'drawing-rooms,' and have their deck chairs placed so that no one is very near them," she wrote; however, "none but the rudest snob would sit through meal after meal without ever addressing a word to his table companions."

Brinnin's crossing sometimes seems too leisurely. But with his last paragraph, the author succeeds finally in pinning the romance of it all to the page. The Cunard Line's *Queen Mary* and *Queen Elizabeth* are to be sold and turned into dockside catchpennies. But for one last time, on the Great Circle route between Liverpool and New York, they approach each other and pass in the night. A few middle-aged ship lovers on the *Elizabeth* think sentimental thoughts as they watch the *Mary* rush by, while necking teen-agers snicker. "As the darkness closes over and the long wakes are joined, the sentimentalists stand for a while watching the ocean recover its seamless immensity. Then, one by one, like people dispersing downhill after a burial, they find their way to their cabins and close their doors."

* John Skow

A Selection of the Year's Best Books

FICTION

ENTERING EPHESUS, by Daphne Atash. Gentle poverty in the South, growing pains, jinks (both high and low) for three teen-age sisters and their slightly ante-bellum family—G circa 1939.

THE BOOK OF DANIEL, by E.L. Doctorow. A highly dramatic and emotionally intense novel about a brother and sister whose parents, like Julius and Ethel Rosenberg, were tried and executed for treason.

THE DICKEY GIBSON SHOW, by Stanley Elkin. An aging radio announcer turns his life and profession into a sensitive but comic American myth. **THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF MISS JANE PITTMAN**, by Ernest J. Gaines. One of America's best but least-known novelists pursues the enduring seasons of the heart as an ancient black woman reviews the troubles she's seen since the Civil War.

GRENDEL, by John Gardner. Beowulf from the monster's viewpoint, in which the Norse heroes of the epic are revealed as bloodthirsty murderers, thieves and hypocrites.

FARRAGAN'S RETREAT, by Tom McHale. The Catholic piety and prejudices of a rich Philadelphia family done up with genial savagery.

FIRE SERMON, by Wright Morris. An 82-year-old codger tries to save his eleven-year-old great-nephew's soul from the modern world during a symbol-paved journey in a trailer hitched to an ancient Maxwell.

BOUND TO VIOLENCE, by Yumbo Quologuem. A young Malian novelist's exuberant mock epic of the bloody history of a real but imaginary African empire.

LOVE IN THE RUINS, by Walker Percy. In a blending of science fiction and theology, the author of *The Moviegoer* fondly satirizes man's attempts to alter his fate.

RABBIT REDUX, by John Updike. A sequel to *Rabbit Run*, in which 36-year-old "Rabbit" Angstrom must cope with a runaway wife, a drug addict and a black militant who calls him Super Chuck.

NONFICTION

BURY MY HEART AT WOUNDED KNEE, by Dee Brown. A litany of Indian voices and Brown's incriminating prose tell how the West was lost. **THE CLOSING CIRCLE**, by Barry Commoner. To date, the most cogently argued ecological indictment of technology for its destructive effect on the only world we've got.

365 DAYS, by Ronald J. Glasser. A U.S. Army doctor assigned to care for wounded G.I.s provides some of the saddest and most brutal accounts to come out of Viet Nam.

A SORT OF LIFE, by Graham Greene. The novelist's quiet, self-deprecating memoir of his youth, which reveals many of the spiritual strains that became major themes in his art.

ELEANOR AND FRANKLIN, by Joseph P. Lash. A fine biography that manages to bring all of Eleanor Roosevelt alive to those who remember her and those who don't.

KENT STATE, WHAT HAPPENED AND WHY, by James Michener. An evenhanded account of what really led up to those shots heard round the world. **THE EUROPEAN DISCOVERY OF AMERICA: THE NORTHERN VOYAGES**, by Samuel Eliot Morison. The 1,000-year saga of those ancient mariners who did not fall off the edge of the world.

Beyond Freedom and Dignity, by B.F. Skinner. In the year's most controversial book, the well-known psychologist argues that society can no longer afford unbridled freedom and proposes that a system be adopted to condition "good behavior."

LIVING WELL IS THE BEST REVENGE, by Calvin Tomkins. High life in Paris and on the Côte d'Azur with two rich Americans, one of whom became F. Scott Fitzgerald's Dick Diver in *Tender Is the Night*. Slight but beautiful.

STILWELL AND THE AMERICAN EXPERIENCE IN CHINA, 1911-45, by Barbara W. Tuchman. American military and diplomatic blunders and the rarely sweet, often sour effects of the culture gap between the U.S. and China during World War II.

SHOW BUSINESS



FONDA, SUTHERLAND & TROUPE GIVING A PERFORMANCE IN JAPAN

Typhoon Jane

In Japan, the storm warnings were up. Jane Fonda—or, as local newsmen described her, "Typhoon Jane"—was blowing into the country to stir up the peace movement, lash the resident U.S. military brass and crack a few thunderbolts at male chauvinism. After whooshing through five Japanese cities, Jane had generated formidable gusts of publicity and scattered showers of four-letter words. But the impact was considerably less than tropical force.

Along with Fellow Movie Star Donald Sutherland, Jane was leading a scraggly, 15-member troupe of entertainers called the Free Theater Associates. Formed last winter largely to produce antiwar programs for U.S. servicemen, the F.T.A. is a sort of counter-U.S.O. and its initials conveniently stand also for "F... the Army," a slogan familiar to all overseas G.I.s. "Ours is a political vaudeville created out of materials found in G.I. newspapers," says Sutherland. In mid-November the group began a five-week holiday tour with a show near Fort Dix, N.J. From there it went on to play near (never on) bases in Hawaii, the Philippines, Okinawa and finally Japan.

Misguided Hope. Occasionally the F.T.A. crisscrossed the route traveled by Veteran Troop Entertainer Bob Hope and his annual Christmas show. Although many people inevitably viewed the F.T.A. venture as an attempt to undermine the Hope tour, Jane insisted: "Bob Hope is not our enemy. He's no more misguided than any of us have been in the past."

Still, the F.T.A. revue was fashioned as an alternative to Hope's, and others like his, and it offers plenty of pointed contrasts. Where Hope's show has glossy production numbers, Les Brown's band and a succession of sexy starlets, the F.T.A. has makeshift props

and a small combo, and the performers determinedly hide their physical charms most of the time under jeans and baggy sweaters. More important, the Hope show clips along on brisk one-liners spiced with patriotic flourishes. The F.T.A. loosely mixes readings, songs and satirical skits to underline such inflammatory assertions as Jane's: "We must oppose with everything we have those blue-eyed murderers—Nixon, Laird and all the rest of those ethnocentric American white male chauvinists."

No Barbarella. This year, as usual, Hope has been whisked from base to base like the VIP he is, and last week he went beyond that role, appearing at the North Vietnamese embassy in Laos, reportedly to seek permission to visit U.S. prisoners in Hanoi. Meanwhile, Fonda and company have continually

encountered red tape ranging from visa problems to being virtually declared off-limits by American commanders.

Judging from the mixed success of last week's performances in Japan, the authorities may have been overestimating the F.T.A.'s appeal. In Iwakuni, one-third of the G.I.s in a large gymnasium walked out before the show was over, apparently bored. The Japanese seemed somewhat disenchanted by Jane's transformation, as one week ago put it, "from a scandal actress to a pacifist." One fan who had expected to see *Barbarella* onstage lamented: "She looks too undistinguished and sounds too shrill."

As she and the F.T.A. flew back to the U.S. at week's end, Jane was undaunted. "This definitely is going to be the main part of my life," she said. "I'm sure the remembrance of the evenings, and of how many of their fellow G.I.s were there, will come back to many servicemen at their moment of decision in the future."

Hip Hokum

When top studio Trumpeter Doc Severinsen became music director of the *Tonight Show* in 1967, he started by wearing sober suits on-camera. Then one night he wore a colorful Pucci tie, and Johnny Carson kidded him about it. Next Doc showed up in a zippier suit; more kidding. Soon the routine evolved into the ritual that is now familiar to millions of viewers: an ever more outrageously garbed Doc leading the band through the opening theme, then turning to await the gibes. "That looks like Roddy McDowall's diving-board cover," Carson will say of a white jumpsuit trimmed in rhinestones. Or, of a suede and satin set of Western threads, "I wouldn't wear that to



BANDLEADER DOC SEVERINSEN & HIS "TONIGHT SHOW" WARDROBE

SHOW BUSINESS

fondle Randolph Scott's saddle horn." Innocuous talk-show badinage, perhaps, but on that frail foundation Doc has built a lucrative second career. Capitalizing on his *Tonight* image, he has branched out on his own, both as a guest soloist with symphony orchestras and star of the campus and nightclub circuit. He has his own eleven-piece back-up band called the Now Generation Brass and a company of ten singers and dancers called Today's Children. In 1971, with state fairs, appearances in special events like the Macy's Thanksgiving Day Parade and entertainment for football festivities like those at last week's Liberty Bowl, Doc has been on the road during all but three weekends of the year. Such activities bring him a gross income of \$500,000—more than three times his *Tonight Show* salary.

Doc's nightclub act—on view most recently at Manhattan's Copacabana—is a mixture of hipness and hokum, during which he goes through a succession of four costume changes. The gags are mostly spin-offs from *Tonight*. "I was out Christmas shopping for my boss Johnny Carson today," he says. "It's hard to buy for him because what can you buy for a man whose wives have everything?"

Home Dinners. His big production number is a musical setting of the 150th Psalm, which must have been a first for the Copa. Wearing a beaded vest over blue satin shirt, Doc conducts and plays while a thunderous offstage voice intones, "Praise ye the Lord. Praise him with the sound of the trumpet." Later he reminiscences about childhood days in Arlington, Ore. (pop. 686), gives a brief recital on musical spoons, and reveals that his clothes are not hand-me-downs from Liberace's wardrobe, but are often sewed by his wife.

There is indeed more folksiness than poppiness in the offstage Doc (real name: Carl). He lives in New Jersey on a 65-acre spread called Harmony Farms, where he likes to slop around in faded jeans and a five-gallon hat and pore over books on the bloodlines of his twelve race and show horses. After his weekday stints on TV, Doc, a teetotaler, tries as often as possible to drive home at 8:30 for dinner.

He also tries to practice the trumpet at least two hours a day. An alumnus of the big bands of Tommy Dorsey and Benny Goodman and long in demand as a recording artist (12 LPs), Doc now blows the horn for such products as Trouble cologne and Jalapeno Bean Dip on TV commercials. He is already gearing up for one of his biggest outside engagements to date, a concert in Manhattan's Philharmonic Hall. Is it about time for a Doc Severinsen TV special? He shrugs and quotes the Bible: "Wherefore take ye the whole armor of God, then stand waiting." On Doc, a suit of armor might not even seem out of place.

TELEVISION

Here's Looking at You

Soon after the monumental flap over the CBS documentary *The Selling of the Pentagon* (TIME, April 5), network news crews began prowling side streets and ducking behind bushes. They were not trying to lie low under the barrage of criticism from Pentagon brass and their congressional supporters. Rather they were at work filming another documentary titled *Under Surveillance*. They managed to photograph plainclothesmen photographing antiwar demonstrators, shadowed FBI agents shadowing a young radical, interviewed 50 people about how they monitor or are monitored by others.

The resulting program, aired last

week, covered rather more familiar ground with rather more restraint than *Pentagon*.

At one point the camera focused on the shoes of an unidentified mailman as he told of keeping daily logs for the police on mail received by certain residents on his route. Later it zoomed in on the Adam's apple of a Pennsylvania Bell executive as he said, "Under no circumstances are wiretaps performed on the premises of the telephone company," then swallowed hard and conceded that taps were often made on outlying company property like telephone poles.

Philadelphia's former police commissioner, now mayor-elect, Frank Rizzo admitted in an interview that he had always kept his files in "good shape" on the "jokers" who "infiltrate" and manipulate protest groups. Rizzo argued that tough surveillance tools are necessary in a democracy to protect well-meaning people who might otherwise be "led to slaughter like sheep—you know, just like any mob."

The footage compiled by Producers Burton Benjamin and Robert Chandler and Correspondent David Schoumacher added up to an implicit indictment of governmental agencies in general for their spying on citizens. But in accordance with strict new guidelines laid down by the network after the *Pentagon* episode, the producers took pains to avoid misleading editing. They also were careful not to make specific scapegoats of the police or of such figures as FBI Director J. Edgar Hoover or Attorney General John Mitchell.



PLAINCLOTHESMAN PHOTOGRAPHING DISSENTERS

1971's Ten Most

Most enlivening new series: **ALL IN THE FAMILY** (CBS)

Most venturesome TV documentary: **THE SELLING OF THE PENTAGON** (CBS)

Most crushing blow (\$10.6 million) to TV revenues: Banning of cigarette ads

Most (and only) creative new program resulting from the extra half-hour of prime time given to local stations: **STORY THEATER** (syndicated)

Most endangered species worth preserving: **THE GREAT AMERICAN DREAM MACHINE** (PBS)

Most vital dramatic program-

ming: **HOLLYWOOD TELEVISION THEATER** (PBS)

Most ambitious, albeit only partly successful, attempt to upgrade children's television: **MAKE A WISH** (ABC)

Most disastrous debut of a movie star in a series: Shirley MacLaine in **SHIRLEY'S WORLD** (ABC). Runner up: Anthony Quinn in **MAN AND THE CITY** (ABC)

Most encouraging sign of improved network taste: Cancellation of the **BEVERLY HILLBILLIES** (CBS)

Most popular game show: pro football, which ran on—and on—for a total of 177 network hours (42 weekend games, 17 night games)

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1 oz. Cream

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GALLIANO MIST

Fill old fashioned glass with cracked ice. Pour 1 oz. Liquore Galliano over ice and squeeze $\frac{1}{4}$ section fresh lime into glass. Drop lime shell in. Stir and serve.

HARVEY WALLBANGER

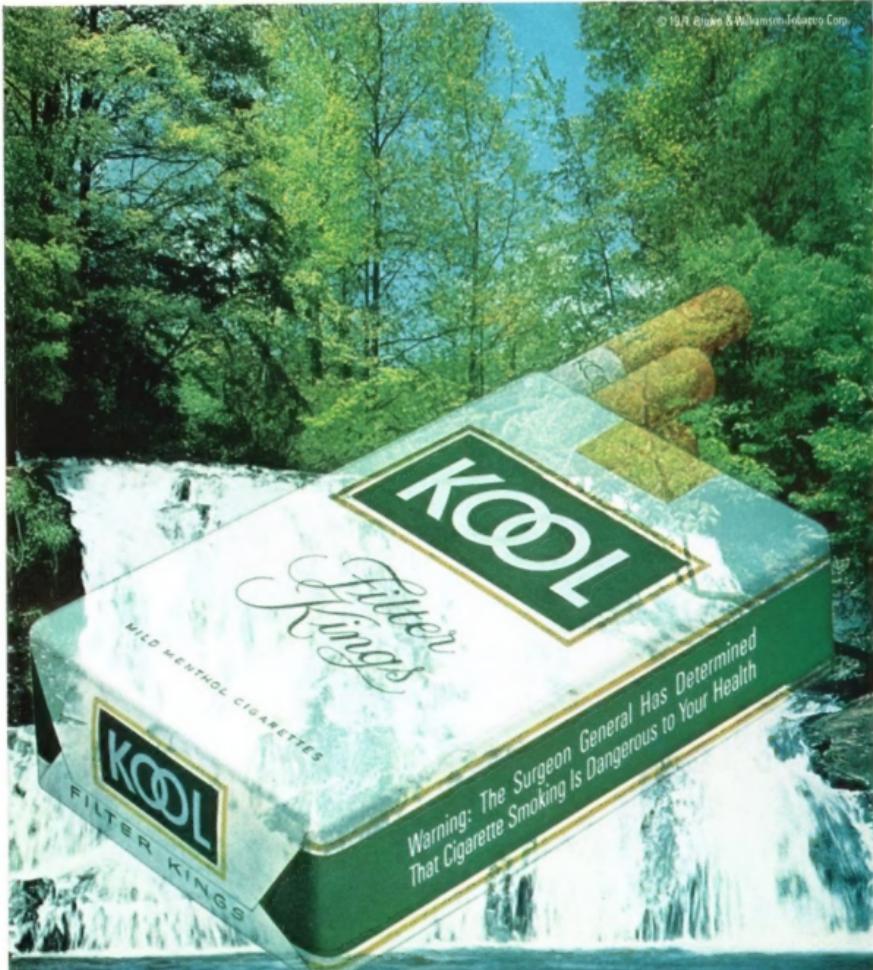
Fill tall glass with ice cubes
Fill $\frac{1}{4}$ full with orange juice
Add 1 oz. Vodka. Stir
Float $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. Liquore Galliano on top.

GALLIANO DAIQUIRI

$\frac{3}{4}$ oz. Liquore Galliano
 $\frac{3}{4}$ oz. Light Rum
Juice of $\frac{1}{2}$ Lime
1 Teaspoon Powdered Sugar
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av. per cigarette, FTC Report Aug. 71.